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MR. ASQUITH'S REPLY TO LORD FRENCH

[EDITORIAL NOTE — The publication of the concluding chapters of Lord French's book, *1914*, has filled Great Britain with controversy. Issues of the most debatable description have been raised, and a vast area of speculation opened. The London *Outlook* thus attempts to state 'briefly and without passion' what it believes to be 'a just view of the chief indictment' brought by Lord French against the War Office and Mr. Asquith's first war government.

'The Field-Marshal, in his concluding chapter, charges the War Office with a "deplorable apathy," if nothing worse, in regard to his frequent representations concerning the shortage of high explosive ammunition. The fighting at Neuve Chapelle, which "might have had great and important results," came to a standstill after three days through want of ammunition. Yet it was unofficially conveyed to him that "the impression existed at the War Office" that there had been waste, and he was officially enjoined to exercise the strictest economy. The War Office, he states, took no notice of his continual reports regarding the Germans' employment of various unfamiliar weapons of trench-warfare, and it became necessary for him to improvise as best he could hand-grenades, trench-mortars, and bombs. Concerning things he could not improvise, heavy guns and their shell, he personally warned Lord Kitchener that delay would be fatal. Yet very shortly after this interview he read the report of Mr. Asquith's Newcastle speech, to the effect that operations had never been seriously hampered by lack of ammunition. "When I read this speech," says Lord French, "after all my public and private appeals, I lost any hope that I had entertained of receiving help from the Government as then constituted." After watching the battle of Festubert, where the disparity between our fire and the enemy's convinced him that absence of artillery support was doubling and trebling British losses in men. Lord French decided on a course of action. He enlisted the interest of the *Times*, and the sympathy of Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Bonar Law, and as a result of these representations the first Coalition Government was formed; Mr. Lloyd George was put in charge of a new Ministry of Munitions, and the vital problem was at last "faced with the intelligence and energy that its gravity demanded."']

I SUPPOSE it is probably the case that we should not have met in this way at this particular moment if it had not been that we have just come to the end of a journalistic serial in which the late Commander-in-Chief of our armies in France and Flanders, purporting to describe the first year of the war, has made himself responsible for attacks and aspersions, both upon the living and the dead, which I, at any rate, cannot allow to pass without an immediate and definite protest. I cannot recall any parallel to this ill-advised and unhappy literary adventure. Lord French is not only a Field-Marshal on the active list of the army, but he occupies at the moment, one of the most responsible posts in the Civil Service of the Crown. He is Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, an office which, I agree, has often been more or less of a sinecure, and of which the Duke of Shrewsbury said, as far back as the reign of Queen Anne, that there was not enough business to keep one awake but enough to prevent one falling asleep. That is not the case to-day.

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Ireland is one of the darkest of the dark spots on the map, not only of the British Empire, but of the world, and while the statesmanship of free nations is trying to find everywhere else some foothold, some point of new departure for nationalities, the Chief Governor of Ireland, who, one might have thought, would have been absorbed, or would try to show that he was absorbed in his own overwhelming responsibilities, apparently can find no better occupation for his time and energies than to fill columns in the daily press with a narrative which I, with as much knowledge as any man possesses, do not hesitate to characterize here and now as incomplete and partial, and in most respects misleading, and, as the whole world will soon see, in patent contradiction to his own subsequent and written utterances.

That is a very serious matter, and it is rendered even more serious by the fact that while apparently Lord French enjoys, in his character of Field-Marshal, complete immunity from the restrictive regulations which apply to other officers, he makes free use of official and confidential documents to build up a case against those whose lips are closed, in some instances by death, and in others by official restraints which apply to them and not to him.

I feel it my duty to say that, quite apart from the merits or demerits, the justice or injustice, the accuracy or inaccuracy, of Lord French's narrative, the whole proceeding is of the worst example, and a flagrant contradiction of the best traditions of our public service, and manifestly and lamentably repugnant to the elementary rules of fair play. I need hardly say to you that I do not make that protest from any desire to avoid the fullest publicity as to this or any other part of the war for which I have a direct, or even the most indirect responsibility. On the contrary, I have the utmost confidence that complete disclosure of all the facts is the one thing needed for an absolute vindication against the suggestions of supineness, want of foresight, lack of promptitude and of energy, both in council and in action, of the governments of which I was the head. That here and there mistakes were made, things done which had better have been omitted, things omitted which might better have been done, is, of course, obvious and true. It would be, in the unexampled circumstances in which we were placed, not only a marvel, but a miracle, if it had been otherwise. But that is not the case put forward by Lord French, particularly in regard to the matter which forms the subject of the last, and, I suppose, the most vitriolic, of his chapters of allegations of deliberate apathy — that is what it comes to — of calculated and callous neglect, during the first year of the war on the part of the Government in the provision of an adequate supply of artillery and munitions to the armies in the field.

I am going to show you, not only that the charge has no foundation in fact, but that no one ought to know better that it has no foundation in fact than Lord French himself.

This is a question of authority and credibility. There are in this narrative itself, dealing with other aspects of the early days of the war, things which cause one to look with a good deal of questioning on Lord French's testimony. In the first place, he gives an account of the battle of Le Cateau, which I find it wholly impossible to reconcile not only with my recollection of the facts, but with his own published statements on the subject immediately after the battle. This account,

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this afterthought, compared with the fresh version, differs very much, in that it reflects, I will not say on the honor, but on the military capacity of one of his own subordinates.

There is another and a still more serious illustration of the same thing. I pointed out the other day at Newcastle that Lord French's account of the visit paid to him in Paris by Lord Kitchener at the end of the month of August is a travesty of the real facts. I am glad to know that all the contemporary documents which have happily been preserved will shortly be given to the world; but in the meantime let me say this in regard to that transaction. The Government received, I received, a message from Lord French as to his contemplated movements, which I communicated to my colleagues, and in regard to which it is no exaggeration to say it filled the whole of the Cabinet with consternation.

Why? Because the movements which were indicated would in our judgment have amounted in effect to leaving our allies in the lurch in the moment of their extreme need and the consternation which we felt was shared and expressed to us in moving terms by the head of the French Government. It was in those circumstances that Lord Kitchener, at the unanimous request of his colleagues, undertook his mission to France — a mission in which he successfully achieved our common object, and in my judgment saved our cause from an indelible reproach. Now, what is the charge made by Lord French in this matter of munitions? He tells us that his object is to make known some of the efforts he made to awaken both the Government and the public from that apathy which meant certain defeat. Those efforts, he tells us, were continued for months, and his appeals fell upon deaf ears, and, finally, after reading my speech at Newcastle, he lost all hope, and determined, at the risk of his own military future and by the aid of the press, and behind the back, and without the knowledge, of his own official chief, to destroy the apathy of the Government, and incidentally the Government itself which, as he says, had brought the Empire to the brink of disaster. That is the case stated by Lord French, and as you see it amounts to an allegation that in spite of his warnings the Government as a whole, and Lord Kitchener in particular, were criminally supine and negligent in a matter of capital importance in the conduct of the war. Now let me for a moment ask you to recall the actual facts.

Nobody questions that the Expeditionary Force which we sent to France in August was fully equipped in all respects. Its artillery equipment was in excess of that which had been settled to be necessary in case of war. The losses which had to be made good from the retreat from Mons in the first autumn and the rapid and enormous increase through recruiting of the new armies for the forces in the field very soon began to put a severe strain on our machinery of production. From almost the first moment the matter had never ceased to engage for one day the close and continuous attention of the Government. Lord Kitchener was assisted by a Committee of the Cabinet, and later on in the spring of 1915 I appointed a special Munitions Committee of the Cabinet, independent of the War Office, and presided over by Mr. Lloyd George. In a speech made, oddly enough, the day after my famous — or infamous — speech at Newcastle, Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons, in a speech to which it is curious Lord French makes no reference,— I see

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he has dedicated his book to Mr. Lloyd George, and surely he might have paid him the compliment to read his speeches,— in this speech made on April 21, the day after mine,— although in entire harmony with what I had said before, it was an extension of it,— Mr. Lloyd George described with perfect accuracy exactly what had been done by this lethargic, apathetic, negligent Government. He pointed out that the area of supply and production had been enormously extended, that from 2,500 to 3,000 new firms, by which he meant firms not previously so employed, were brought into this very industry, that munition orders had been placed both in America and in Canada, and legislation had been passed to enable the War Office and the Admiralty to take over engineering works, with the result that, while the armies in the field, between September and March, had been multiplied something, I suppose, between four and five fold, the output of munitions in the same time had been multiplied not four or five fold, but nineteen fold. In the month of May, 1915, we were producing in three days the amount of ammunition usually produced before in a whole year. In three days — that is not a bad record of apathy and neglect.

Let me come to an incidental point. The field guns of our army, when the war began, were equipped, not with high explosives, but with shrapnel. That was a decision deliberately arrived at after full inquiry by our best experts, and no doubt largely the result of our experience in the South African War. Lord French says, to my great surprise, that he was always an advocate of high explosives for our field guns, but that his demands were rejected. I have seen no more surprising statement among many. He was the chief military adviser of the Government, Chief of the Imperial General Staff for years before the war, and this is the first time that I or anyone whom I have been able to consult has heard of any such demand. There is no trace of it to be found, so I am informed, in the records of the office. Now, gentlemen, no one knows better than Lord French — I have sat with him on the Committee of Defense for years and years, and he knows its procedure and methods just as well as I do — that in his position, and as I have said, he was the most authoritative and the most trusted expert adviser of the War Office and of the Government in all military matters, if he attached serious importance to this proposal, and if it had been, in fact, what is now vulgarly called 'turned down' altogether by the War Office, he could have brought it, as he constantly did bring these things, and quite rightly, before the Committee of Imperial Defense, and they would have received the most attentive and respectful consideration. I can answer for it that no such thing was ever done.

I have told you our field guns were equipped with shrapnel and not high explosive, and I am now going to read a short passage from a report made by Lord Kitchener immediately after the formation of the Coalition Government in June, 1915. It is very instructive, and throws a light on the history of this particular matter. Lord Kitchener says: 'Early in September the War Office took up the question of designing a shell of this nature — a high explosive shell — and in October, 1914, General Deville, head of the French Ordnance, came over at our invitation to discuss among other things this very matter, and the supply of high explosive shells for field guns as well as the fuses to be employed, the patterns of shells, and the nature of filling were closely discussed.

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General Headquarters were consulted, and replies were received indicating that opinions were divided, and they considered it desirable that some high explosives should be provided if this could be done without interfering with the supply of shrapnel. On October 19, the first thousand rounds of 18-pounder high explosive shells were sent to France for trial and report, and steps were taken to proceed with the further manufacture. On November 6, a favorable report was received on the shells, and we were asked by General Headquarters to supply in future, and as soon as we could procure it, 50 per cent shrapnel and 50 per cent high explosive. A week later a telegram was received asking that the proportion of high explosive should be not 50 per cent but 25 per cent.' Lord Kitchener goes on: 'At this stage we had to consider whether the machinery employed in producing 18-pounder shrapnel, which was urgently required, should be stopped and turned on instead to the high explosive shell. The adoption of this course would not have produced any high explosive shell for ten weeks or more, and during this period the provision of an absolutely necessary amount of ammunition would have been imperiled just as Sir John French was pressing for every round.' At that date the stoppage of the supply of shrapnel would, in my opinion, have enormously affected the safety of the troops in the field, and we should thus have placed a lot of our machinery out of work at a most critical period in the war.

What did Lord Kitchener do? The only sensible thing a man would have done. Additional instead of substituted orders were at once placed, not only with experienced armament firms, but also with additional firms not previously engaged in the manufacture, both in this country as well as in Canada and America. I think that is a conclusive indication of the action which Lord Kitchener and those who advised him took up to that point. But we were not content with that. As Mr. Lloyd George points out in the speech he made on April 21, and as Lord Kitchener emphasizes in this document, we had the advantage of having in this country in a high judicial position, a man of the highest scientific eminence, Lord Moulton. Lord Moulton very patriotically took up this subject of the manufacture and development of high explosives, and as Lord Kitchener here says, writing in June, 1915: 'Lord Moulton not only provided explosives for our needs and prepared for the large additional requirements we shall have to meet later when our munitions grow to larger proportions, but enabled us to give to our allies, and notably France, sufficient explosives to enable them to continue the war.'

Lord French has referred to his letter of December 23, 1914, in which he set out his requirements, and, as an illustration of the deplorable apathy of the home authorities, he gives a wholly misleading account of the answer sent him from the War Office on January 14. As there was only a short interval between the two letters, I must, in justice to the War Office and Lord Kitchener, cite material parts of the War Office letter. The suggestion is that at this time we were living in a kind of fool's paradise, stopping our ears, shutting our eyes, and not listening to Lord French's appeal to provide our army with needed ammunition. The letter runs: 'I am commanded to inform you the Army Council are thoroughly alive to the urgent importance of increasing gun ammunition for the Expeditionary Force, and have spared and will spare no effort to secure this end.' After calling atten-

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tion to the Labor situation, the document proceeded: 'The Council desire to emphasize the fact that the orders for manufacture are not being limited by what they think it necessary to supply, but are entirely conditioned by the highest possible output of ordnance factories throughout the Empire and the Allied and neutral countries throughout the world.'

Do not let it be supposed that the Government at this time and in the succeeding months were satisfied or anything but disquieted by the munitions situation. The contractors had promised more than they could perform; they were terribly behind in their deliveries; particularly in the matter of high explosives. I will give you one figure to show how serious those failures were. The army ought to have received according to contract, by May 15, 481,000 high explosive 18-pounder shells. Instead of that, only 52,000, or very little more than one tenth of the whole, were delivered. On the other hand, increases in the forces in the field, and the changed character of the fighting, led to an expenditure of artillery ammunition far in excess of the calculations of any expert authority in any of the belligerent forces. During the fighting in and about Neuve Chapelle in the early spring of 1915, as Mr. Lloyd George pointed out in his speech, nearly as much artillery ammunition was spent by our army as during the whole two and three quarter years of the Boer War. How had they got it to spend? Entirely through the efforts made by the Government during the preceding weeks. So far from being inattentive or careless, we were straining every nerve and resorting to every expedient to fill the gap.

I pause here a moment and diverge from the main stream of my argument to deal with a legend long current in a certain section of the press to which Lord French now seeks to give the weight of his authority — the legend of an apathetic Government with a lethargic head. I am represented in this pictorial and romantic travesty of history as spending my time lolling in an armchair, occasionally arbitrating over the disputes of the different departments, waiting on the chapter of accidents in the hope that somehow or other and in some way or other the storm-tossed ship might drift safely into port. That is the picture which I believe finds credence and acceptance in large numbers of more backward parts of our population. What is the fact? I do not like, as you know, to speak very much about myself. But I am bound to do so. It is no exaggeration to say that, particularly in these early months of the war — critical, and in the long run decisive months of the war, everything depended on what was done then and what was undone — I was called upon at almost every hour of every day to take on my own responsibility and initiative decisions which might be, and which often were, of the most momentous consequence.

I had to deal not only with military and naval operations, the recruiting of the new armies, transport, food supply, labor problems, but also with inter-Allied finance, and what, at that time, was a task of supreme difficulty and delicacy, Allied diplomacy. I had the devoted help of most loyal and efficient colleagues, some of whom I am glad to see sitting around me at this table. But there is not one of them — I am sure they will all agree with me when I say this — who did not habitually come to me to get the last word — sometimes even the first word — in cases of difficulty or doubt. And what in the meantime — I do not want to speak more of myself — had this supine Government of sluggards and para-

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lytics been doing? They had, in time of peace, prepared for any war on any scale that British statesmanship had ever contemplated. We were and we remained throughout the war perfectly secure, not only in these islands, but throughout our world-wide Empire, against any risk of invasion. No foreign soldier ever set his foot on one square yard of British ground. Our Expeditionary Force was ready to start fully equipped and with the necessary transport at a moment's notice — as it did literally at a moment's notice — to wherever it was most required. It soon became apparent that this war was going to dwarf all previous experience. What did we do? We recruited, we raised, we equipped, we dispatched vast new armies, we transported to the field of action the splendid contingents which were sent to our aid from all parts of our Empire all over the globe. We cleared the seas in those months effectually and finally of every German cruiser and every German merchant vessel. We carried through the long and delicate negotiations which secured for the Allies the coöperation and the active support of gallant Italy. These were some of the things — not an exhaustive catalogue — these were some of the things which were actually done in the course of six months, and I say again the record is not a record of apathy or of lethargy.

But to come back to Lord French. I can honestly say for myself that with all my other preoccupations, manifold and distracting as they were, this matter of the supply of munitions was rarely out of my thoughts. I used to see Lord Kitchener daily — even two or three times a day, and I believe hardly a day passed but I did not press him — not that he needed my pressure — but hardly a day passed when I did not press him to hurry on and to increase production by every possible means. So dissatisfied and so apprehensive did I become at the relatively slow rate of progress as compared with our expectations and hopes that I resolved to make a direct and personal appeal, both to masters and to men. That was the object and motive of my visit to Newcastle in the month of April. But observe, gentlemen, it was a very delicate business. I had to think, not only of our own people, but I had to think of our allies and still more of the enemy. Operations of the greatest possible moment were, as I knew — though I could not disclose it — then impending, and it was of the utmost importance not to expose our own weakness or to give encouragement to the Germans — to let them think that we could not and were not able to do more than hold our own. I determined, therefore, to make very sure of my ground, and I instructed Lord Kitchener to send for Sir John French, to have him over here, to interrogate him, and to get from him a precise report, a precise survey of the then military situation, and to make his report to me before I spoke. Sir John French came over. He was seen by Lord Kitchener at the War Office, and they discussed the matter. I have here — it is an interesting historical document, or it will become so — a letter in Lord Kitchener's own handwriting which he wrote to me immediately after he had seen Sir John French:

> My dear Prime Minister: I have had a talk with French. He told me I could let you know that with the present supply of ammunition he will have as much as his troops will be able to use on the next forward movement.

That letter is dated April 14, 1915. It is a few days before I went to Newcastle. That is what I wanted. I was determined to make assurance doubly sure.

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What more is to be said about that except that Lord Kitchener in subsequent conversations before I went to Newcastle confirmed what he has put down in that letter? I, therefore, felt I was sure — I had got what I wanted. I thought I could be able to speak without giving encouragement to the enemy in regard to these delicate and dangerous operations which were about to be launched. I felt, in fact, bound to say at Newcastle what I did about that point. Lord French says he read my speech. I wonder if he did. At any rate, if he had read it with anything like decent care he would not have given a most complete travesty of everything I said. I quote my exact words: 'I saw a statement the other day that the operations, not only of our own army but of our allies, were being crippled, or at any rate hampered, owing to our failure to provide the necessary munitions. I say there is no truth in that statement.' Was I or was I not justified in making that statement? And then I went on to my main theme — the extreme and perilous urgency of the situation as regarded the future. That was the point I was on. I may point out in passing that the very next night in his speech in the House of Commons Mr. Lloyd George said exactly the same thing — namely, that up to that moment when I was speaking and he was speaking — I won't say we were all right, but we were in a position of security, and the real point of danger and difficulty was the future. What did I say about the future? I summed up the case in these words: 'There is not a single naval or military authority among us who, in view of the approximate and prospective requirements, does not declare that a large and rapid increase in the output of munitions has become one of the first necessities of the State. Lord Kitchener says so, Lord Fisher (he was then First Sea Lord) I know would say so, and Sir John French has said so. This then is what, in the name of your King and country, we ask you to do—to deliver the goods.' That is the speech the reading of which Lord French says caused him to lose all hope of receiving help from the Government as then constituted. All hope! All hope! And which set him to work, as I have said, to go behind the back of his official chief to secure, in concert with outsiders, the overthrow of the Government. There was a time in the decadent days of the Roman Empire when the Prætorians, as they were called, and sometimes the armies in distant parts of the Empire used to change Emperors.

I confess I never knew until I read Lord French's article that it was to him, the Commander-in-Chief of our armies in France, that we owe the blessings of the Coalition Government. But he says so. And he sent over, to bring about this beneficent revolution in the conduct of our affairs, a versatile gentleman well known to many of us — Captain Guest. Providence works, as you know, by mysterious agencies, and the combination of Lord French in his Headquarters in France and Captain Guest manipulating the press and the politicians here had the desired result, and, as Lord French tells you, the Government fell. Well, I don't know which Lord French thinks was the chief villain of the old piece — Lord Kitchener or myself. As it happened, we both retained our old offices in the reconstructed Government. And while I should be the last, and will always be the last, to belittle the splendid work which was subsequently done by the Ministry of Munitions, to the formation of which I was a party, and a principal party, and which in the early days of its life, when there

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was a good deal of friction with the War Office, I strenuously backed with all the authority that I possessed, yet Lord French appears to have forgotten that during the whole of the time that he remained in command in France, and for months afterwards, the British army in France and in Flanders lived and fought with great determination and with many successes entirely on the ammunition ordered, before the Ministry of Munitions came into existence, by the old régime. Lord French's ridiculous suggestion that his action in this matter had something to do with his subsequent removal from the command is hardly worthy of serious notice. He remained in full command for more than six months, and, though I heard strange rumors which appear to have had more foundation in fact than I then believed, I never took the pains to inquire what part he had played, or whether he had played any part, in the newspaper campaign which he now claims to have inspired. When his retirement came I took, myself, the full and the sole responsibility for it. His retirement was for reasons which had no more to do with the supply of shells than with the next eclipse of the moon.

Before I part from Lord French I have one word more to say. His whole case is that he was obliged to do what he did because in the highest interests of the Empire it was essential to get rid of an apathetic Government, negligent of its first duty to the army, and presided over, as I have said, by a supine and lethargic head. I will refresh Lord French's memory on this point. I have here in my hand a letter in his writing addressed to me from the Headquarters of the British army in France, and dated — observe the date — May 20, 1915. I say observe the date. The Coalition Ministry, for which Lord French now claims a sort of parental responsibility was formed exactly three days earlier, on May 17. It is a private letter, this, to which I should certainly not have referred, had not Lord French, who himself makes the freest use of secret and confidential documents, compelled me by his last article to do so. What I am about to read is only an extract, but I can assure you and the world that there is no qualifying context. So far as I am concerned the letter may be published *in extenso* to-morrow:

> For two days I have been hesitating to add one iota to the troubles and anxieties which must weigh upon you just now. [I was forming the Coalition Government.] You have, however, shown me so much true, generous kindness throughout this trying campaign that I venture at this critical juncture to convey to you what is in my inmost thoughts. [Now comes the important part.] I am sure in the whole history of war no General in the field has ever been helped in a difficult task by the Head of his Government as I have been supported and strengthened by your unfailing sympathy and encouragement.

The Morning Post, June 4

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IN BEHALF OF AUSTRIA

BY DR. RENNER

For a long time the people of German-Austria have been waiting in distress for this day to come, which will relieve the tension caused by the uncertainty as to its future fate. We were longing for the hour of decision because it was to render peace at last to our hard-tried country and to offer us an opportunity to proclaim before this illustrious tribunal — the world's highest authority — what our country is and what the conditions are under which we may hope to organize the possibilities for the existence of an independent Commonwealth. The Danube Monarchy, against which the Allied and Associated Powers have waged war, and with which they have concluded an armistice, has ceased to exist; the 12th of November, 1918, may be considered the day of its death. From this day on there was no Monarch any more nor a big Power over which he could hold his sway. There was no more the fatal dualism, neither an Austrian nor a Hungarian Government, no army, and no other recognized institution vested with public power. There only remained eight nationalities deprived of any public organization, and overnight they created their own Parliaments, their own Governments, and their own armies, in short, their own independent States. In the same way as the other National States, our new Republic, too, has sprung into life; consequently, she can, no more than the other States, be considered the successor of the late Monarchy. From this very point arises the fundamental and hardest contradiction under which we are laboring, which is waiting to be cleared up before this high Assembly. On the one hand, no one could, from the standpoint of international law, contradict the judicious statement recently made by the Chairman of this Conference, according to which it would be contrary to all principles of international law and to reason to maintain that a modification of the political form of government or a change in its leading personages would suffice to release a nation from the obligations it had assumed.

This leads to the conclusion that all the territories of the former Monarchy and their peoples could be made responsible for the consequences of the war which was forced upon them all by their former Governments. There is weighing upon us, like upon all the other nationalities established upon the territory of the former Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, a portion of the dreadful inheritance left us by the fallen Empire, the inheritance of war, the inheritance of exhaustion, the inheritance of the most cumbersome economic obligations. But our new Republic has freed herself from all those imperialistic aspirations which had become so fatal to the existence of the ancient Monarchy. She has rid herself once and forever of all those reactionary traditions which had turned the former Monarchy into a prison for its people. She is, alas! the unfortunate victim of that horrible crime of 1914, a crime committed by the former Governments, however, and not by the people. On the other hand, all the

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States which have succeeded the Monarchy have, in the light of international law, come into existence only after the cessation of hostilities. The German-Austrian Republic in its present shape has never declared war, never carried on a war, and, in relation with the Western Powers, never had the position of a warring Power from an international point of view. There could, moreover, be no doubt as to the fact that our Republic never was at war with the new national States. On the contrary, in Vienna various Commissions appointed by the new States have met to settle the Crown property left by the late Empire, and to divide in mutual agreement among themselves all the rights and assets of this property. Between them and us it is not a question of making peace, but of liquidating the former partnership and of settling the future relations under the intervention and guaranty of the Powers for which we pray.

Nevertheless, these new States meeting face to face in Paris are playing quite a different rôle in regard to their obligations assumed in the past. We expect to eliminate this contradiction at the Peace Conference. I reserve to myself the opportunity of drawing my conclusions from these contradictions later on. We are before you as one of the parts of the vanquished and fallen Empire. Ready to assume our portion of the liabilities grown out of these our relations to the Allied Powers, we are well aware of the fact that our fate is resting in your hands We hope and believe that the conscience of the world will not deny to our people nor curtail the inalienable right of self-determination which the associated Powers have always proclaimed to be the very aim of their war waged against the Hapsburg and Hohenzollern Monarchies, a right which has been realized by our neighbors with our ready consent and a right which our people, confiding in the principles recognized by the Allied Powers, have adopted as the fundamental basis of their new constitution.

We trust that the world's common sense does not have in view and will not permit our economic ruin. The destruction of the economic unit of the Monarchy, the separation of our mountainous country from all its natural resources has condemned us these last six months to privations which exceed by far the sufferings we endured in wartime. It was only due to the generous relief action organized by Mr. Hoover, based on resolutions passed by the Allied Powers, that we have been saved from downright starvation. But in all these times of distress our people has, in a measure which called for admiration, displayed discipline, patient endurance, and good judgment. Our new Republic did not stain with blood her revolution, and, having faith in the decisions of this Conference, she even has abstained from any military action against her neighbors, although the latter have occupied two fifths of her territory. She has proved to be a mainstay of peaceful and organized social development in Central Europe. This attitude our new Republic will continue to maintain, provided that a just and democratic peace shall render to our country the possibility of an economic existence. We know that we have to receive peace from your hands, from the hands of victors. We are firmly resolved conscientiously to weigh each and any proposition laid before us, each and any advice offered by you to us. We shall, above all, make it a point thoroughly to inform you of the conditions prevailing in our country and to enlighten you as to the primary exigencies of our existence. If, heretofore, you had the opportunity to hear nothing, with few exceptions, but the voice of our neighbors, we pray you,

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gentlemen, to listen now to us, too. We, too, with equal attention for you, the arbitrators of a big world, will have to decide the fate of our small world, and it is only just and right that arbiters should hear both sides. We pray for a decision which will insure for all time our national, political, and economic existence. You may rest assured that it is our foremost wish to cooperate according to our strength within uncontested boundaries and to secure possession of our national freedom and civilization in the noble task assumed by the League of Nations and thus serve the cause of peace.

June 3

BRITAIN AND THE PARTY STRUGGLE IN AMERICA

We have explained before our anxieties in regard to the interests of the world as a whole; we have other anxieties quite as poignant, perhaps even more poignant, in regard to our own special relations with America. If the matter were not so serious, it would be difficult not to find a good deal of ironic amusement in the topsy-turvy nature of the present situation. Without question our Delegates in Paris, and public opinion here generally, in the newspapers and in Parliament, have been in favor of playing up to President Wilson as the representative of America, in order to show our gratitude for the help so generously rendered to the good cause by America, and still more in order that we may make clear the touch of blood and kinship which we have all felt so strongly, and which has come to the surface from the hidden depths of the Englishman's nature. 'Well, if the Americans insist, let them have it their own way, even if it is not our way,' has been undoubtedly the national *mot d'ordre*. We have been content to leave matters almost entirely in Mr. Wilson's hands, and to do the things not which we ourselves wanted, but which he wanted, rather than have friction with America. We do not regret that fact. Indeed, we approve it.

But now comes the tragi-comedy of the business. While we have been trying to conciliate America by every conceivable concession to Mr. Wilson's special predilections and views, we suddenly find that all the time we have been caught in the American party machine, and that what we have regarded as generous concessions to American views have been represented in America by a large section of the great Republican party, and possibly by a majority of American politicians, as examples of British political cleverness and management. The prevalent complaint against Mr. Wilson and the Democratic party is that they have let themselves be thoroughly bamboozled by us, and that John Bull has led Uncle Sam by the nose in Paris. The President, it is alleged, has done exactly what he, the cunning old *faux bonhomme* of London, has desired. Our American critics profess not to be personally angry with us. We have only been doing what we always do — that is, thinking of our own interests, looking out for Number One, practising the game of grab, and so on. We only did what it was our nature to do

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and they rather respect us for it. But what they do resent is the way the President and the Democrats have given in to us. Of course this view is nonsense. It is only a piece of the babble of the political auction room. One would not be human, however, if one did not feel rather irritated at seeing our concessions, over some of which many of us are very, very sore, represented as triumphs of Machiavellian ingenuity.

No doubt, it would be easy to exaggerate the importance of these denunciations of President Wilson for truckling to Great Britain. They are, of course, made for the platform, and to a large extent will prove ephemeral. Still, we cannot disguise from ourselves that it is from accusations of this kind that national quarrels often begin, and we confess that we do hope that the true friends of Britain among the Republican party — and there are a great many in its various sections, able and leading men such as Senator Root, Dr. Murray Butler (the President of Columbia University), and General Leonard Wood, to name only three — will see to it that no real misunderstanding on this head shall arise. The men we have named, and others of their following, are no doubt strong anti-Wilsonites, but we do hope that they and men like them will make it clear to their countrymen that, be the Wilson policy right or wrong, it certainly has not been a policy dictated by Britain, but rather one accepted by Britain solely because it is an American policy and not on any other ground. Take, for example, a very important matter, and one on which we are bound to say we feel specially sore. The *Spectator* has not criticized the mandatory principle, but accepted it. We can say, however, from the bottom of our hearts, that we would have accepted it from no one else but the Americans. It was a hard matter for a proud nation to swallow, ignoring as it does the main fact about our Empire, which is that it has been ruled ever since the days of Cornwallis by the golden rule of government in the interests of the governed, and suggesting, as it does, that we could not be trusted to take over lands soiled by the iniquities of German rule except under the watchful eye of a Committee composed, say, of representatives of China, Peru, Siam, Bolivia, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica.

However, these matters had better not be gone into too minutely, for on them it might be easy to say something the effects of which we should regret. All that we shall do, then, is to make a very strong appeal to the wisest and best part of the American nation to see to it that the affairs of the League, and especially our relations with America, are as little caught up in and sacrificed to the exigencies of party warfare as possible. Party warfare there must be, but we do trust that in America, and also here, care will be taken to keep us out of it. It is all very well for Republicans to blacken the eyes of Democrats, and we fully recognize that there are many excuses for so doing. Again, we understand the desire of the Democrats to represent the Republicans as selfish, parochial, and unmindful of their greater duties, and fully appreciate the soreness they feel in seeing their great leader and representative so unfairly, nay, so outrageously and brutally, attacked as he often is. But here again, we do ask that our relations with America, and especially the support which has been given to President Wilson *qua* President of the United States, shall not be sacrificed to the desire to deal a shrewd blow to their enemies by the fighting Republicans. After all, the Americans are an essentially chivalrous as well as

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a generous people, and undoubtedly true chivalry will consist in not yielding to the temptation so dear to the politician to score a good party point whatever the consequences. When the consequences are the making of bad blood between the two sections of the English-speaking race, the sense of chivalry and justice should forbear the raising of prejudice against Britain. All Americans in their hearts realize, and many of them have nobly testified to the fact, that our losses have not been small. To add to them the loss of the good will of our kinsmen, which we had hoped would bring healing to our wounds, would be a calamity unspeakable; good Republicans and good Democrats will surely do their best to keep Britain out of the party imbroglio.

The Spectator, June 7

MÄRCHEN

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

SOUNDLESS the moth-flit, dull the death-watch tick;
Crazed in her shaken arbor bird did sing;
Slow wreathed the grease adown from soot-clogged wick:
The Cat looked long and softly at the King.

Mouse frisked and scampered, leapt and gnawed and squeaked;
Athwart the window looped cowled bat a-wing;
The dim-lit rafters with the night mist reeked:
The Cat looked long and softly at the King.

O wondrous robe enstarred; in Night dyed deep!
O air scarce stirred with the Court's far junketing!
O stagnant Royalty! A-swoon? Asleep?
The Cat looked long and softly at the King.

The Saturday Westminster Gazette

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SHAW *VERSUS* CHESTERTON: A CHALLENGE AND AN ANSWER

I. *To the Editor of the New Witness*

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

SIR: I published a book called *Peace Conference Hints*, which, taken with my *Common Sense about the War*, published in November, 1914, tells the story of the war on a basis of facts which are now practically undeniable. This little book has had a large circulation in America, and I learn from the official abstract of foreign news that it is being much discussed in Germany. There is no reason why it should not be quoted, reviewed, and discussed by the most patriotic papers. It was scrutinized, syllable by syllable, in the Press Bureau before it was sent to America, and passed by the postal censorship when it was sent to Sweden for translation there, with the certainty that it would thus reach Germany. It was published here by a reputable publisher. There was no sort of mystery or treason about it any more than there was about Swift's *Conduct of the Allies*, and as, like Swift, I have made some name in general literature, it is not impossible that the historian of the future may be led to read my two pamphlets and paraphrase them as so many historians have read and paraphrased Swift.

Clearly, if any gentleman with a paper at his disposal had anything to say to me, then was the time to say it. The challenge was obvious; for if half of what I said was true, three quarters of what most of our journalists had been saying at the top of their voices for four years had been mere delirium. Some of them came up to the scratch. The *Morning Post*, for instance, with a dogged pluck that warmed my heart, hurled itself madly on my ruthless array of facts, and perished gloriously by the force of its own impact. Others virtually owned up. Some were civil, a few enthusiastic. But a good many simply funked it. They had taken a resounding part in the preliminary bombardment, but when the time came to go over the top they remained silent, not on a peak in Darien, but in their dugouts. Among them was the editor of the *New Witness*. I do not suspect him of cowardice; he was obviously asleep at his post, only to be awakened by an alarm of Jews or Welfare Committees. Had the dignity and independence of the mothers of Pitt Street, Bethnal Green, been threatened — had the name Mond or Webb been whispered he would have been out and charging across Nomansland literally with the speed of thought. But as the alarm was only one of Shaw, 'like the door on its hinges he turned in his bed,' murmuring 'Shaw's at his inkstand: all's right with the world.' Another defaulter was Robert Blatchford; but Robert is an old soldier and had been there before. He did enough for honor when at the beginning of the war he set upon me for one brief round in the *Weekly Dispatch*, and found himself down and out. Robert was silent in three newspapers.

The other day Mr. William Archer wrote a play illustrating the atrocities of war during the German occupation. In reviewing that book I pointed out that Mr. Archer, with an amiable innocence comparable with that of Mr. Chesterton himself, had very considerably flattered the Germans. I did not grudge the compliment to our prostrate foe. But Mr. Archer, like Mr. Chesterton, flattered war as well; and I want war to be known for what it is. I could easily have paralleled what Mr. Archer represented the German troops as doing to Belgians in a panic by quite well-known instances of what British officers have done to one an-

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other in panics. If neither the Germans nor the British had ever done worse than the worst Mr. Archer showed, they would be armies of angels — comparatively.

Then some noodle sent my review of Archer to Mr. Blatchford and asked him was he going to take it lying down. The old soldier rose to the occasion. At foreign policy he could make no show against me; but at an atrocity stunt he can hold his own with anybody. The *Sunday Herald* and the *Sunday Chronicle* opened fire simultaneously. Blatchford of the Fusiliers can describe the German soldier with a pen practised on his old barrack comrades. A very few touches of red paint are all that is needed to turn his Fusiliers into Pomeranian grenadiers. Whether his theme be of the German soldier or the British one, he knows the seamy side of soldiering well enough to write with considerable eloquence. But when Bernard Shaw is his theme he is out of his depth; and he was drowning when Mr. Chesterton suddenly woke up and swam out impetuously to his rescue, seeing in the Determinist in Distress only a fellow creature in extremity.

As for me, I am not to be drawn on this side issue, which is not really an issue at all unless Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Chesterton are indignantly defending the German army against my assertion that they did much worse things than Mr. Archer has imputed to them, in which case I confess I have failed to grasp their meaning. They are obviously not purposely trying to force me to cap their German atrocities with British, French, Italian, Portuguese, Serbian, American, Australian, Canadian, Indian, and Senegalese atrocities. Anyhow, it is not my business to provide the enemy with any such ammunition; and for the present I shall allow both Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Chesterton to assume that even the criminal classes in these enlightened communities (who were ruthlessly swept into the Allied armies) consisted exclusively of lambs. I will even concede to Mr. Chesterton that our troops at present occupying the Rhinelands have, in the absence of any provocation, settled down quite nicely after a little preliminary ragging at Bonn, and that we seldom inflict more than two months' imprisonment on a German for omitting to take off his hat to an English officer. We are sitting quite gracefully on the chests of our starving and prostrate enemy, and discussing hopefully the new American poison which is to strike Berlin dead in unspeakable torments if it does not sign the Peace Treaty.

But what about *Peace Conference Hints?* It is in that work that I have definitely stated that we can claim no moral superiority to Germany in respect of the war, either as to its preparation or its conduct. I have stated no less definitely England's case for compassing the destruction of the military and naval power of Germany, and of all other powers and principalities whatsoever that may aspire to rival her on the seas or threaten her with a hostile overbalance of power on land. The book has been politely brought to the notice of the *New Witness* and the *Clarion* by the publishers in the usual way.* I now take it and hold it under the noses of Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Blatchford, and ask them what they have to say to it. I am prepared to taunt them with hiding behind Mr. Archer, with not daring to accept my challenge and pretending they have not heard about it, with anything else that may sting them into giving my book an additional advertisement for the good of mankind, and, incidentally,

* If by 'the usual way' Mr. Shaw means the gift of a copy for review he is in error.—*Editor New Witness.*

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for my own personal credit. I accuse them of hatred, malice, and uncharitableness against a vanquished foe whose dirty fighters were no dirtier than those on our side, and whose gallant fighters were as gallant as any of ours. I am not ashamed of our having fought Germany; but I am very much ashamed of our being afraid to fight her again to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow, to the last syllable of recorded time if necessary. I have an enormous contempt for the terrified wretches who want to kill everyone else (when they get them down) in order that they may live in security ever after. Security is a coward's dream: the brave Briton is he who believes he can always give the German or any other mortal man as good as he brings, any day of the week. As between the nation which says 'Live dangerously' and the nation which says 'If we do not starve, maim, and utterly disable these dreadful Germans forever and ever and ever, we shall all be murdered in our beds,' I back the dangerous livers, though neither of them have had sense enough to get to the bottom of the matter.

I have no space for more defiance. I cannot pull Mr. Blatchford's nose or shout 'Yah!' after Mr. Chesterton in the street; but I hope what I have said is sufficient to establish the fact that I have thrown my glove down to both of them, and that unless they pick it up I shall claim a verdict by default.

The New Witness

II. *Mr. Shaw and the Danger of Living*

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

In returning to one of the happy sports of boyhood, replying to Mr. Bernard Shaw, it is right to reply first on the point that he puts first. He will find that reply among the comments of the week.

But what is the use, I sometimes wonder, of all this detailed refutation, when I know quite well what is the matter with Mr. Shaw. He is simply irritated at the wrong people being right. And, at the very start, I refuse to allow that undoubtedly irritating fact to irritate me into being wrong. He sees that vulgar and vicious capitalist papers and politicians talk vulgar and vicious nonsense when they happen to be on the right side, as they do when they are more frequently on the wrong side. I should not dream of denying that much of what is said against Germany, in the form in which it is said, is enough to make any sensible man sick. But it ought not to make a sensible man silly. It ought not to make him say that the quantity and quality of dirty fighting was the same on both sides, in the face of towering human testimony and experience; because the question of proportion is a question of fact. It is like saying that the quantity and quality of dirty clothes is the same in Whitechapel and Mayfair. That is, it tries to ignore the colossal fact of a *contrast*, which millions of witnesses have instantly felt as a contrast; and which cannot be reversed by saying that *some* people even in Mayfair have dirty clothes. I know that there has been such an impression about German war, as compared with more Christian war; not only in this war, but in twenty other wars. I do not mean merely that they have recorded the crimes, I mean they have recorded the contrast. They have felt the difference as men feel the economic difference between the East End and the West End, whatever incidental poverty there may be in the West End or wealth in the East End. Froissart lived to belaud fighting, but he speaks with quite a special disgust

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of German fighting. Sismondi has to wade in gore to glorify the mediæval republics, but he speaks of a prince popular among Germans as found to be a tyrant when transferred 'to a civilized country.' It is a particular historic type of callous soldiering which has startled, not humanitarians, but other callous soldiers. Wellington was hard-headed, if not hard-hearted; Wellington was not trying to 'utterly disable' the Prussians, but to enable them to win; but the Prussians shocked him not by their militarism, but by their Prussianism. Now I decline to allow the reaction from bad journalism to drive me into bad history. Our fashionable press might lie about Germans; as it lies about Bolsheviki, and lied about Boers, and did not prevent Mr. Shaw being against the Boers. But the whole history, literature, and legends of European culture do not lie about Germans. So, in the late war, the first massacres by the Germans gave their first shock to the pro-Germans. A man can no more minimize such an effect than hide an earthquake. It is as if a man should deny that the Black Death was a pestilence, because people died from other causes, or the Reign of Terror a harsh rule, because men did not all die by guillotine. In short, such a man is making a fool of himself before all history; and I decline to be remembered only as having denied the daylight, out of annoyance with the *Daily Mail*.

I will limit myself here to Mr. Shaw's letter; and later give him his belated review of the *Hints for the Peace Conference*, when I have read it. But the chief hint he gives at present to the Peace Conference is that it need not bother so much about Peace, since there is much to be said for living dangerously; and that it will really be a much bolder and stronger settlement if it does not settle. Unfortunately, to begin with, it is not Mr. Shaw who will live dangerously, nor primarily the English among whom he lives; and least of all, the Americans among whom he has his large circulation. It is people like the Poles and the Belgians who will have to live dangerously, when we have broken our promise to help them to live comparatively safely. In short, what Mr. Shaw is doing, is quite simply, to tell the store-keepers of Syracuse, Neb., how romantic it will be for the shopkeepers of Dinant to know that their shops may be burned down by the barbarians at any minute. I have not the smallest respect for this very vicarious romance of living, either in Mr. Shaw or his American readers. It is plain that any point of honor, about running a wild risk, cannot apply to the rights of other people, and certainly not of other nations. If Mr. Shaw likes to go and live somewhere where savages can plunder and torture him when it takes their fancy, he may obtain the nimbus of a martyr; but the people who have already been plundered and tortured certainly have a right to say whether they wish to be plundered and tortured again, or rather again and again and again, to thrill Mr. Shaw and his Yankees across the sea.

This would be true for anybody, but it is in a particular and pointed sense true for us. England must insist on it, not so much because she is right as because she has been wrong. It was England who guaranteed and supported Germany, with all the solid Victorian sentimentality which was smashed by the invasion of Belgium, but of which Mr. Shaw is still trying to pick up the pieces. It was we who said the Germans could be trusted, and the French who said they could not, and the French, of course, were proved right. I need not write down the names we shall deserve, if we continue to

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live dangerously at Adelphi Terrace or Beaconsfield, at the office of the *New Republic*, or the *New Witness*, while the men we have misled or overborne are not so much living dangerously as dying systematically, in those raids on France and Flanders which have been as recurrent as floods. The case is quite as plain as any private story could be. Suppose I have proposed a man for a club and introduce him to a social circle, in spite of Mr. Shaw's warning that the man is given to occasional arson and murder for the sake of insurance. Suppose I get him a lease in Adelphi Terrace and he blows up or burns out his neighbors, so that Mr. Shaw wanders homeless round the hotels (as Thiers did round the courts of Europe); suppose he finally wrecks all the Strand with dynamite, including our office in Essex Street; so that at last I am forced to come round to Mr. Shaw's opinion of him. I might do many things; but there is perhaps one thing that I ought not to do. I ought not to live comfortably down in Beaconsfield and wire to Mr. Shaw to console himself for the continued activities of my friend the anarchist, by noting the glorious colors of the conflagration and the beauty of the bright eyes of danger.

In other words, it is not a question of the destruction or preservation of Germany, but of the restoration of Europe. What we have to do is to prevent something, of which the name is not Germany but barbarism, boiling up again in a new abnormal shape, as it has so often done before. It will not be the last particular shape in any case. To provide for Germany is like planning the future of an imaginary kingdom called Hunland, after the defeat and death of Attila. Germany was only a name given to a tangle of tribes held together by the hope of one great raid on civilization. That raid has failed; and *that* explains, what Mr. Shaw cannot explain, both their wildness in war and their comparative mildness in peace. During the crime they behaved with the brutality of criminals, and after the capture with the equanimity of convicts. In that sense I have far more sympathy with the Germans than Mr. Shaw has; it is the very genuine sympathy I have always had with burglars. But Mr. Shaw's prediction is falsified, and Mr. Shaw's theory is thrown all out, by the fact that the conquered German does not say 'Death rather than slavery,' but something more like 'It's a fair cop, guvner.' But our business is not either to break or mend Germany; it is to mend the much more valuable things that Germany has broken. Poland must be made again the great power in the East; the Latin civilization must be restored to its leadership; the citizen must set the standard instead of the savage making the pace. Now in order to do this, as it will probably be necessary to show in detail when I deal with Mr. Shaw's book, it is necessary to do certain definite things which the Germans do regard, or profess to regard, as hostile and oppressive. You cannot create Poland without destroying Prussia; for Prussia never was anything but a heap of spoils. You cannot secure France without affecting some German-speaking people; and the other cases are the same. But we English owe a primary debt to people like the Poles and the French because we were wrong when they were right; and we gave a passport to the robber who ruined them. I am certain that if Mr. Shaw could see this fact simply and solidly as it is, he could not doubt for an instant where our first duty lies. The truth is that he has been so steeped in the English Victorian prejudice, that he cannot even now bring himself to believe that

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the Victorians were so wrong as they were. Under these circumstances it is utterly useless for him to try to fix on me charges of Jingoism or insular insolence. I am, I hope, a patriot, and I am glad his very attempts to parallel German oppressions with English ones in Germany just now merely repeat the enormity of the old contrast. But I am no more of a Jingo than Mr. Shaw; and far less of an Imperialist. I have denounced every British oppression he had denounced. I have denounced some that he has defended. I have urged much more than Mr. Shaw's own case, for Mr. Shaw's own country. But though I believe in patriotism for England and Ireland, I am not speaking here as a patriot; but in the only intelligent sense, as an internationalist. And it is quite useless to represent me as talking like a stupid Englishman, because I am talking like an intelligent European.

The New Witness

'HAMLET' IN BAGHDAD

On the evening of February 12, 1919, there was performed at the Central Theatre, Baghdad, a play called *Khun-i-Nahag*,' and I read in the Baghdad *Times* of the following day that 'owing to the unprecedented demand for tickets' another performance would be given in a few days' time. The play was the Urdu version of *Hamlet*, acted by Indians. The actors were obviously under the impression that Shakespeare miscalled the play 'tragedy,' and they acted accordingly. Some thousands of Indians were present, sitting entranced in the cold night air, and apparently found the entertainment highly satisfactory.

We arrived just after the curtain had been raised, making our way over the stage to the seats in front, and at once realized that we had come under a total misapprehension as to the nature of the performance. Against a bright background of English country scenery in springtime there were placed a number of Victorian chairs and a sofa of the same period. On the sofa a gentleman of villainous appearance reclined, clothed in a long red dressing gown with a Christmas-cracker crown on his head. At his feet sat a lady of uncertain age in emerald green. As she was employed in the curious pursuit of singing an Oriental song in a loud, grating voice, punctuating the stanzas by pushing the gentleman in the ribs, and as also the latter appeared supremely unconscious of her playful little performance, we were led to believe that he slept. I asked the attendant who showed us to our seats whether *Hamlet* was to be performed that night, and if so; when it was to begin. He replied, rather hurt, 'This is *Hamlet*, sir!' and then, seeing me unconvinced, added condescendingly, 'The Indian version, of course.' I apologized, displayed keen interest, asked for the names of the lady in green and the gentleman in red — which he did n't know — and applied myself to the plot.

The song continued, accompanied by an inhuman excess of rib-prodding. It now appeared either that the gentleman's ribs were padded or that they were not made after the usual pattern or that he was dead: mere sleep could n't have withstood the lady's importunity. I decided in favor of death. At length the lady stood up, advanced toward the footlights, and cracked a few jokes. She was ultimately joined by another gentleman, attired in the uniform of a Rear Admiral, who made it plain that he was not there for the mere fun of the thing, by retiring up-stage, backwards, in a series of spiral movements, probably

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learned in a skating rink, which unquestionably boded ill for the person against whom they were intended. These proceedings culminated in the production of a bottle from an outer pocket in his naval jacket and the emptying of its contents into the beard of the gentleman whom I had believed to be dead. He instantly sat up, uttered some heartfelt comments, possibly referable to the personal behavior of the Rear Admiral, and again sank into a profound state of somnolence. The stage was then plunged into darkness, and I realized, with an intuitive skill which cannot be overpraised, that we had just witnessed the famous story of 'murder most foul' which Shakespeare, showing a wanton disregard of probability, introduces autobiographically by means of the ghost. I communicated this immense discovery to my friends, who, either from jealousy or ignorance, did not appear to consider it important.

Entered Hamlet in deep mourning before a drop-scene of Windsor Castle and the Thames, with a commodious houseboat moored to the bank. He sang a dreary ditty right through to the bitter end, in spite of the entrance of Horatio, in the belt and uniform of a modern English officer, who contented himself with looking supremely dejected until the time came for him to open his mouth. Before he managed to utter a word, however, Hamlet left the stage abruptly and the lights went out.

Next scene: Windsor Castle at a different angle, with Queen Victoria inspecting the turrets from a distance through an eyeglass. By this time Claudius had donned the deceased monarch's red dressing gown, though his Rear Admiral's trousers showed beneath. He sat lazily by the side of Gertrude (the lady in green), having just finished a meal. At first I thought the frequent movement of his jaws indicated the aftermath of an actual meal that the actor himself had previously been enjoying: but as he continued to chew the cud in every following scene, I concluded that he meant to lay stress on the gluttonous aspect of Claudius's character. Polonius, as Santa Claus in extreme senile decay, also turned up in this scene, and read a long typewritten letter which the Queen produced. He nearly died of apoplexy in his wrestle with the letter, the Court took pity on him, the curtain descended, and we were again with Hamlet in the vicinity of the houseboat. Once more he directed his undivided attention to the firmament, presumably apostrophizing the Almighty on the criminal state of man, even at Windsor, and then forgot his part; whereupon, the band struck up in order to hide his emotion. (We discovered that the band invariably struck up when the prompter was busy, thereby preventing the actor no less than the audience from hearing the text shouted prosaically across the stage. Eventually, the actor had to be prompted by someone on the stage; he then signified his gratitude to the band, which stopped instantly, and the play was resumed.) Hamlet then decided to leave the stage — there being no one on it to tell him what to say — with the possible intention of retiring to his dressing room and looking up the part. Ophelia immediately entered with two ladies of doubtful origin and unquestionable ugliness. She discovered her sad history to the two, during which recital a dog came on, had a good look round, and went off.

A touching incident occurred later on the battlements. Horatio entered with a drawn revolver and obtained a full account of the ghost from the sentry, who must have previously

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served his apprenticeship in a nigger-minstrel troupe. The whole business went with a roar from beginning to end: the sentry a triumph of burlesque. Hamlet now came to the rescue of tragedy. He temporarily effaced the sentry, and had a confidential chat with the ghost, who appeared in a coffin-like apparatus and shroud complete, and was finally interrupted by the comic minstrel, who had a farcical fit, collapsed, and brought the scene to a riotous close with a yell of delight from the rapt spectators.

After the sentry's success, it was difficult to settle down to anything less exhilarating. However, Claudius realized the difficulty, too, and rose to the occasion by ordering a dance of the Salome variety in full Court. He, meanwhile, continued his gastronomic exercises. By this time Laertes had dropped in and was evincing a keen interest in the domestic concerns at Elsinore. Claudius had lent him the Rear Admiral's outfit, and altogether the sartorial arrangements at the Danish Court were adaptable if curious. Following the terpsichorean *entr'acte* a quite different dog appeared on the scene, sniffed round, gazed at the audience, and bolted.

Next came a scene between Laertes and Ophelia's two lady friends. Laertes appeared to be making love to them both, and they reciprocated with many blandishments and pleasantries. A certain amount of horseplay and low comedy was indulged in, and Laertes eventually retired with one of them. The whole scene went splendidly, and we were beginning to wonder whether we were not showing scant reverence for Shakespeare by witnessing one of his immortal works in complete ignorance of its mysterious and hidden meanings, when our minds were suddenly made up for us by the appearance of Hamlet. He broke into song, and was brutally cursed by the ghost from without in words that sounded so like 'Mister Bottomley' that we fled from the theatre. *P.*

Kisil Robat, February, 1919.

The Manchester Guardian

ART AND THE MECHANICAL

BY BRIAN BRUCE-WALKER

One often hears it said concerning this modern world that it has little or no beauty because it is machine-ridden. Machinery itself and machine-made articles have, we are told, an inherent ugliness that stamps itself on the industry of to-day and spreads unchecked into every detail of our environment. And our philosopher, speaking, let us say, on a railway platform, is able to wave his arm sweepingly to a network of metals, bristling signals, panting locomotives, and gaunt girder bridges. But he will be seriously annoyed if the train he awaits is a few minutes late.

However, we feel there is justice in his complaint, if the things that so pain his artistic eye are not even perfect in efficiency. But is the attitude right? Is it so great a torture to our æsthetic souls to look along those gleaming sweeps of parallel bars as to gaze down some squalid vista of dwellings in the East End? Is it the shapes of our surroundings that depress our spirits so much as the prevailing tone of grime? Are those girders so very ungainly; or would we not at least rather see more of them and less of the self-assertive hoardings that rear their garishness from every unused corner of the landscape?

Yet did we not most of us in our early youth roam forth from the warm comfort and tidy trappings of the home to some blackened bit of waste land above the railway cutting, or down

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the mire of the dock-side amid trucks and cranes and ships? Nor was this any budding mechanical genius. Even classical scholars must confess to such juvenile wanderings. It was beauty that bewitched us, the beauty of motion and the beauty of hard, strong lines that speak of purpose.

And has that fascination faded as our minds have matured? Do these things truly now leave us cold as do the tin travesties of them with which we then littered the nursery floor? Or do we turn from them to our newspaper only because we have come to think the divorce suit of Lady Diddleduke more worthy our grown-up consideration than the appearance of the world that makes and is made by us?

I think the child-mind is right — because unprejudiced — in this as in most artistic things. But it is requiring painters and writers who have outgrown even the childishness of middle age with the thoughts of profits and bank balances that strew its mental nursery floor, to reveal to us the splendid sternness of the girders black against a sunset, the majesty of factory chimneys, the clean grandeur of a gun. These harmonies about us are not apparent until the artist points them out. May that not be because, reared in the conventional thought of the time, we are never asked to look around us for beauty, except indeed by our natural instinct, soon to be suppressed by custom and education?

My point is this. A landscape untrammeled by man's habitations or roads can be beautiful. So can a scene of docks and cargo boats, engines and warehouses, untrammeled as it is by any of man's efforts at decoration. But what artist wishes to reflect samples of the architecture of every day? Who would buy a picture of a middle-class suburban road, of a West End square, of our local high street, or the new public house in an old-world town? A painter would sooner select the flat façades of a slum alley with the little street dramas compressed between them. The reason, I venture to suggest, is that the former things have all a pretension to elegance. They are all embellished in some way, the villas with ornamental porches and modestly decorated bay windows, the square with its railings (blessed symbol of privacy) fashioned with respectable elaboration, the fronts of the shops and 'pubs' blossoming into floral-patterned tiles and carved woodwork that may or may not be overwhelmed in the flood of placards that swirls into every little channel of modern commerce.

But none of these embellishments have any meaning; they have no relation to the structure or function of the things they decorate. At best they are ghosts of feudal pomp looking out upon the industrial welter of today. But the mediæval baron did not decorate his castle or surround it with fancy railings and notices about trespassers. He had towers that were grand because of their battlements to shield the archers and their massive ness to withstand the battering ram; he had a moat and a portcullis that worked. He kept decoration or his flag and his shield, and then he did it generally with some symbolic meaning.

Those grand redoubts have little in common with the more commensurate modern architecture of steel bridges and railway station domes with their pathetic bits of ornament stuck on to the vital structure. These erections are only impressive when shamelessly utilitarian, when, free of trappings and formed to the dictates of efficiency of design and economy of metal, their naked strength has a

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weird majesty, weird because we feel we are but beholding the roots of a new mode of beauty, the flower of which has not yet blossomed.

But some things born of modern industry have the true dignity of design in which thought has been exercised in the moulding of form to both beauty and purpose. And we may take, I think, as the best sample and symbol of such study and labor toward perfection, the steamship. There is no attempt at decoration throughout a ship, nothing, that is, in her outward appearance, and it is not the elegance of her cabins that gives a ship her individuality and wins that almost personal affection from her crew. The smooth lines of a ship's hull are born of thought for speed and strength, and the superstructure of a liner is a great lesson in the new architecture that is possible with the light framework so easily wrought in the steel works of to-day. It is because the lines of a ship's hull must conform to mathematical laws and because a uniformity of method is observed in building the rest of her that she is good to look upon. This is why other engineering structures, bridges, cranes, locomotives, gasometers even, have a certain fantastic attraction of form though not nearly so chastened to dignity as the ship because not so restrained by conditions.

It is strange that the connection of beauty with mathematical relationships is so little noted when Nature is saying the thing to us in her every act. It is the tapering of a bough in perfect conformity with the cantilever stresses, the moulding of a stag's thigh to accommodate the powerful muscles most compactly, that give these things their fine outline. Also each species, with its particular needs, develops in a particular style—has character. There is an 'oakiness' about an oak, as some people have put it; and various modern schools of painting strive to express this on canvas.

But when will our shops express a true well-ordered shopiness and our houses an attractive homeliness, just as our ships have a ship-shapeliness and our aeroplanes an airiness? It will be, I think, the time when architects no longer endeavor to make 'an Englishman's house his castle' in appearance, but knows it for a cozy nest, and when the shopman will want his various wares to look forth from a setting that advertises well their character and worth without the need of vulgar, clamorous placards.

Of the larger modern constructions railway stations are, perhaps, as entering to the greatest extent into our daily environment, the most deserving of study to make that environment pleasanter. If only they could be rid of that eczema of advertisements, and if only their builders would not put on cast-iron capitals and bent iron work as an afterthought when they have satisfied themselves that their steel pillars and tie rods are up to strength, stations could be really majestic edifices. There are no traditions yet in steel building work; the complete fusion of beauty with efficiency has yet to be discovered. But when it comes you may be sure that it will emphasize the characteristics of steel, the slightness of the tension members, the fine curves of girders made in conformity with the stresses, just as all builders in brick have made the most of the arch. The ugly duckling in the nest of architecture may yet grow to be more graceful than his elder brethren.

Can trams and omnibuses ever be made beautiful and expressive? Merely strip them of advertisements and I think you will find at least a qualified affirmative. The use of quieter tones and of lines and panelings that make

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room for, instead of being masked by, the route and destination boards, might bring about something quite attractive. Already there is one detail of the 'General' motor 'buses that is a striking illustration of the principles urged in this article. The web-like casting of the spokes of the back wheels was no doubt planned to take all strains with the minimum of weight, but a design of pure beauty has resulted. Some day, perhaps, our public vehicles will be as graceful as gondolas. Private touring cars are now, in fact, pointing the way.

Modern civilization has still the awkwardness of growing years, and the best we can do at present is to let its strong sinews show their vigor finely forth. But some day it will reach maturity, and a noble culture, balanced in scientific and artistic effort, will shine out from all the habitations of man and the instruments of his full and varied life. And if the magnificent styles of Greece and Rome are never to live again because their methods have been surpassed, something new and wonderful and maybe just as grand will show itself, while to life then will be added joys all unrevealed to the ancients, the cult of travel and the beauty of motion.

The Outlook

CHARLES PÉGUY

BY WINIFRED STEPHENS

THOUGH of no French author who fell during the war so much has been written as of Charles Péguy, the last word on this unique personality remains unsaid. M. Halévy's book, however, affords an invaluable insight into one of the most interesting phases of French literary life in the decade before the war. It was a phase that closed when Charles Péguy put up the shutters of his little office in the Rue de la Sorbonne and went away to meet his death in the Battle of the Ourcq. I remember, only a few weeks earlier, going into the back parlor of that shop, and, after a few words with the insignificant-looking little man, who was so soon to die like a hero, paying my twenty-five francs subscription to the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*. I never received a *cahier*. None ever appeared after that. But it was worth many times twenty-five francs to have been, if only for a few minutes, face to face with one of th emost original writers of the century, whose works express the ideals and aspirations for which the best of the combatants in the Great War have laid down their lives.

The complete biography of Charles Péguy could hardly be published during the lifetime of certain of his contemporaries. And M. Halévy, who is mainly concerned with the author's work and the opinions out of which it grew, attempts no more than a few biographical notes here and there. He tells us something of Péguy's parentage and upbringing, and of his wonderful mother. I do not know whether scientists can explain it, but, while in clever women it is generally the father's mentality and influence which dominate, in clever men it is almost invariably the mother's. It would be difficult to exaggerate the debt Péguy owed to his mother. It was she, for instance, who instilled into him his passion for the revolution. Her humble calling is — for she has survived her son — to let out and mend chairs in the church of St. Aignan at Orléans. The technical skill, which is so characteristic of her race, has made her quite a famous adept in the art of chair-mending and enabled her to accumulate a modest competence. M. Halévy might have

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told us that she still journeys to Paris once every year to purchase materials for her trade. She then stays with one of her son's most intimate friends; and in the polished literary circle of which that house is the centre, this grand old woman moves with all the ease, the dignity, and good breeding of the best French proletariat.

M. Halévy's last chapter on Péguy and the war is very short, and consists mainly of extracts from a book, *Avec Charles Péguy de la Lorraine à la Marne*, by one of his comrades in arms, Victor Bourdon. Others who were with Péguy during the first days of mobilization, who went with him to the railway station when he left Paris never to return, might have contributed significant pages revealing their friend's state of mind when he found himself face to face with the awful cataclysm he had long anticipated. M. Halévy may have deliberately omitted this penultimate chapter in Péguy's history. In any case, with the exception of the few extracts from Bourdon's book, to which we have referred, he closes his volume with an appreciation of Péguy's latest work, that immense poem, *Eve*, which, comprising no less than eight thousand Alexandrines, surpasses in length Dante's *Inferno* and *Paradiso* put together. Such a conclusion was difficult to resist, for this poem contains that frequently quoted passage, which seems to foretell the poet's own death and which begins with the lines:

Heureux ceux qui sont morts pour la terre charnelle,
Mais pourvu que ce fût dans une juste guerre.

Not all M. Halévy's readers will share his admiration of Péguy's style. M. Halévy himself admits that he fears *cette abondance* which 'threatens' Péguy's work, and which, when he attempts to write a sonnet, carries him far beyond the fourteen-line limit. Nevertheless, M. Halévy believes that Péguy's books will live not only on account of the elevation and beauty of his thought and the wealth of his poetic imagery, but because of his style. This also is the opinion of no less a stylist than M. André Gide, who is quoted as praising Péguy's trick of gradually building up his meaning by the addition of word upon word, each differing from the other by the merest hair's breadth of significance. Less favorable critics, to whom M. Halévy does not refer, have on this question cited Flaubert, who described the first word which came into his mind as a mere starting-point whence, by a long succession of words, he finally reached the goal of *le mot juste*. Flaubert is content to give his readers the result. Péguy inflicts upon them every stage in the process.

Those who lack the persistence to follow Péguy through the eight thousand lines of *Eve*, or through the three parts of his *Jeanne d'Arc* (*La Mort, la Misère, le Mystère de la Charité de Jeanne d'Arc*), will find him at his best in three comparatively short prose works, *Bernard Lazare*, the biography of one of his friends who was an ardent champion of Alfred Dreyfus, *Notre Patrie*, and *Notre Jeunesse*. Péguy was above all things *un révolté*. The exuberance of mind which overflowed the limits of the sonnet, made him too original, too rebellious, to be tamed by or confined within the dogmas of any school of thought. Not the creed of the Catholic Church, nor of the Socialist party, nor of Dreyfusism, nor of nationalism, nor even of republicanism, was wide enough to contain him. If Péguy was a Catholic, if he went on a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Chartres, he seldom, if ever, attended Mass. He loathed priests, and he married without a religious ceremony.

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If he was a Socialist and for a short time the official publisher and bookseller of the Socialist party, he soon fell out with the Socialist leaders. Accusing Jules Guesde of not knowing what socialism meant, he withdrew from Socialists if not from socialism. Relinquishing his management of the Socialist Literary Bureau he went off to found, in company with a few equally independent spirits, *les Cahiers de la Quinzaine*. If Péguy was the most fervent of Dreyfusards, if his office was the headquarters of Dreyfusism, whence he led his comrades whithersoever heads were likely to get broken for the cause, he suffered bitter disappointment when his party triumphed, for the Dreyfusard leaders seemed to him to think only of the material gains of their victory. If, as the century grew older and the German peril loomed bigger and bigger on the eastern frontier of France, Péguy clamored as loudly as *la Ligue des Patriotes* for defensive measures, his nationalism was very different from theirs. It contained not the slightest taint of chauvinism or of anti-Semitism. Péguy had no dislike of the foreigner. He was ever the apostle of oppressed nationalities and especially of the Jews. If Péguy could say: '*Je suis un vieux républicain, je suis un vieux révolutionnaire*,' his republicanism consisted in a passionate desire for absolute liberty. And because he could find no government capable of satisfying that desire, he was inclined to declare against all governments. Though inevitably Péguy was a constant prey to disillusion, he remained an idealist to the end. He never ceased to worship the heroic, the true, the beautiful. He sought them not in this 'age of machinery and banks,' but in the past, in the France of the Revolution, in the Europe of the Renaissance, in the Church of the Middle Ages, in the Greece of antiquity; and he ever confidently hoped for them in the future. That he was not disappointed, that in the Great War this hope was realized, a letter written to his mother, only a few days before he fell in battle, would seem to indicate. 'Nothing new,' he wrote, 'but ever the great life' (*toujours la grande vie*), 'the greatness of suspense, the greatness of combat, the greatness of the peace which comes from the discipline, the silence, and the innocence of armies.' The only peace, says M. Halévy, that Péguy had ever known.

The Anglo-French Review

THE PRESENT ENTENTE BETWEEN FRANCE AND THE PAPACY

The French Government has just decorated, with the Legion of Honor, four Alsatian priests with the intention of showing its gratitude to the clergy of our conquered provinces for their attitude to France and for their devotion in defending for forty years the cause of France. Another mark of the care with which the Government seeks to give satisfaction to the population of Alsace-Lorraine and to respect its traditions is the recent nomination of two French bishops to the Sees of Metz and Strassburg, in place of the prelates named by Germany.

The Concordat not having been abolished in Alsace-Lorraine, it is the function of the French Government to designate the successors of Mgr. Fritzen and Mgr. Benzler who were German bishops. But these nominations necessitated an entente between the Government and the Holy See. There were authorizations and an agreement. Paris and Rome negotiated, came to an understanding and the two decrees signed by the President appeared in the official journal.

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These decrees differ in form from those which were used before the abrogation of the Concordat. In the old form a nomination was made by the President of the Government on the recommendation of the Minister of Cults and since this latter official no longer exists in France, it is on the recommendation of the President of the Council that these new nominations have been made. Moreover, the decrees of the past indicated that the new bishops were named either to replace bishops called to other functions or deceased. The new decrees do not indicate that the new holders of the dignity have been named to replace German bishops; but this, however, is understood.

But the Concordat maintained in Alsace-Lorraine not only affirms the French Government's right of nomination, but equally maintains the Canonical installation depending on the Holy See. This installation is performed through the pontifical paper known as the *Bulla* which in order to be regularized must be registered by Council of State. It is, therefore, probable, even certain, that if the Government has revived the working of the Concordat for the nomination of the bishops of Alsace-Lorraine, it has also revived the legislative rulings which have to do with the registering of the papal notes by Council of State.

As all can easily see, this ecclesiastical affair with its various measures has necessitated an arrangement with the Vatican. With a little goodwill on the Government's side and with much benignity and sympathy on the Pope's side, an accord was determined which will give pleasure to all those who desire a renewal of the relations between Paris and Rome and it is not only Catholics who desire this, but also many Frenchmen high in the political sphere who wish to reëstablish the influence of France at that source of influence, that Vatican which shed its lights upon the entire world.

In this connection, the campaign undertaken by two politicians whose religious opinions can hardly be suspected of conservatism, Mm. Lazare Weiller and de Monzie (the latter belonging to the radical group in the Chamber) may be recalled.

In the lecture which he gave yesterday to the College of Social Science, M. de Monzie, with the authorization of M. Viviani, revealed to us that for three years the French Government, not daring to imitate Great Britain in sending an official Ambassador to the Holy See, has, nevertheless, sent to Rome, an official agent, who, though attached to the embassy of the Quirinal, was in reality charged with the mission of serving as liaison officer between Paris and the Vatican.

No choice could have been happier. M. Charles Loiseau is a man who knows foreign politics particularly well. By his alliances, his relations, his years of foreign life, his remarkable studies, and his Catholic faith, he was foredestined for that delicate diplomatic work which he has performed with such intelligence and devotion that M. Pichon has just made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

This personal diplomacy functioned under all the ministries, but its occult character removed from it the authority which the prestige and the title of an official dignity would have given it.

And it is these very prerogatives which to-day M. de Monzie claims with greater insistence than ever; for never before, as he has demonstrated, has France been in greater need of representation at the Vatican. Everything urges us to renew our relations; the institution of the Catholic

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Government in Poland, the rôle played by Catholics in Lithuania and Esthonia, the Concordat between Jugo-Slavia and the Vatican, the necessity of our protectorate over the Christians of the Levant, the religious question of Alsace-Lorraine, and a hundred other questions in which the influence of the Holy See can be of great use to France.

M. de Monzie is about to carry these questions to the Tribune. Let us accept the omen. Half of the way has already been covered by the Pope himself, who extends to France a paternal hand and who has just shown his particular affection for her in the discourse in which he proclaimed the sainthood of Joan of Arc, the most beautiful and glorious personification of the soul of France.

The Nouvelliste, May 10

THE LAST ILL

BY CAMERON WILSON

SUDDENLY one day
The last ill shall fall away;
The last little beastliness that is in our blood
Shall drop from us as the sheath drops from the bud,
And the great spirit of man shall struggle through,
And spread huge branches underneath the blue.
In any mirror, be it bright or dim,
Man will see God staring back at him.

The Saturday Westminster Gazette

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ORATORY IN MUNICH

BY STEPHAN GROSSMANN

THE other evening I went to the decisive general meeting of the Social-Democratic Union. It was a kind of Munich party convention to which only qualified representatives were admitted. I succeeded in obtaining a ticket. The great brown hall, in a suburb of Munich, was filled to the last seat. Waitresses with twenty beer steins made their way through the assembly as in old times, and in spite of the obvious excitement there was a certain revolutionary good will evident everywhere. Many persons had brought cheese or sausage sandwiches, which they ate with the brown beer that still continues to be something more than a reminiscence of the old days in Munich. Many ordered meat, though they had no meat cards, and the waitresses brought these portions, balancing ten plates at a time in their arms. Some ham was also served, but modestly in white paper covers. So the time passed until about eight o'clock with drinking, eating, gossiping, disputing, and laughing. Then the chairman, a dignified, well-fed gentleman with a long white beard, who looked like a comfortable citizen rather than a revolutionary advocate, called the meeting to order. But his comfortable looks did not comfort the people in attendance. Quite the contrary. It seemed as though the mere appearance of his rotund figure excited antagonism and irritation in the audience, although the latter contained its full share of gentlemen of similar appearance. The bodies of the Munich proletariat are certainly more rotund than those of the working people of Berlin, and far more so than those in Vienna. To be sure, there was a great deal of talking in the meeting of the four years' famine from which the workingmen of Munich had suffered, but there was no physical evidence of it and very few faces in the assembly bore those clear indications of privation, which one sees often in Austria, Saxony, and Prussia.

A man who addresses a popular audience in Germany and even in Southern Germany should make it his duty to be thin. Those unhappy people whose physical constitution is such that they retain their corpulence although underfed should be dissuaded from undertaking a political career at the present moment. The commons will tolerate only emaciated people. If the chairman was listened to with considerable impatience, the sentiment quickly rose to outright protest when a Munich Soviet Democratic delegate, who had just arrived from Weimar, attempted to give a report of proceedings there before the regular business of the evening began. The delegate rose, but he had a round, chubby countenance and an unmistakable tendency to corpulence. The title of delegate and the mention of Weimar were enough to arouse a vigorous and growing murmur. The request of the delegate to permit him to make a short speech of explanation was rejected by the meeting almost unanimously. Then the well-fed delegate himself became irritated. He stood up and said: 'A delegate has never been treated this

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way before by his constituents.' They then began to debate the question of a Soviet republic. The man who presented the case was a Socialist with a comrade who was gradually working over into Communism. Both were thin, emaciated figures. Each one wanted half an hour to talk, and inasmuch as thirty others had announced their desire to speak there, time was limited to ten minutes. But the democratic spirit of the meeting was implacable and the audience insisted that the principal speakers should likewise be limited to ten minutes. I do not know myself whether this was good democratic practice or not, but it certainly made it more difficult for the auditors to form a clear opinion of the merits of the case. Thanks to these forty speakers, the debate became a very ambitious affair. But it lacked a solid foundation, such as might have been laid for it if the principal speakers had been allowed to perform their task freely.

Even this excited, obstinate debate offered indications of a certain tolerant and good-humored attitude among the Munich citizens. Nearly everyone of the thirty speakers was applauded, not so much for what he said as for the way he said it. A cordial tone was most effective. A man who had a tendency to be dry and matter-of-fact quickly lost the attention of his listeners. A Munich friend to whom I later communicated this impression of the meeting said with a sigh: 'Well, what would you have? Our public meetings are concerts.' The strongest impression was made by a young workingman whose name will certainly appear again in the history of the German revolution. He is called Otto Thomas, and proved himself an orator of the first rank. It goes without saying that he was a lean prophet — smooth shaven, with curling and long, but by no means coquettishly arranged, hair, with burning eyes gleaming from cavernous sockets, and slender, thin, expressive hands. He was no statesman, but an apostle, when he thundered: 'The Scheidemann people should not keep us under this constant strain for food. We hate to be thinking always of our meals. We have starved for four years. We shall starve a fifth year for the revolution.' Then the crowd applauded violently. But Otto Thomas was not discussing a demagogical question, although, of course, as a citizen of Munich, starving was a relatively comfortable memory. This apostle and political child evoked the applause of the assembly again when he reproached the old Social Democratic leaders with not having sufficient faith and confidence in the people. He shouted with fiery Robespierre energy: 'The bourgeoisie is not indispensable, but you must have complete faith in the liberating power of the proletariat. You must feel how pure and uncontaminated is the soul of the man who has hitherto been your servant. You must believe in the unwasted vigor that still resides in this soul. But you, yourselves, have become worn and banal. You no longer have profound faith in the people.' After this statement none of the Social Democratic speakers were able to bring forward effectively a political argument. Otto Thomas had become the absolute master of the meeting. If anyone in the back of the house turned his head or murmured there was indignant protest from the whole audience. When the speaker made an objection his listeners objected with him as a body.

Two kinds of speakers encountered the hostility of the audience. The first were the so-called compromised leaders, including everyone who had not been involved in revolutionary agitation during the war. They were

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compromised merely in a negative sense. A man who had not been sentenced by a court during the war, or at least arrested, was considered compromised. Honest trade unionists and party officers were shoved aside with the mere word 'compromised leaders.'

Although they had committed no offense to compromise them the very fact that they had committed no offense was proof that they were compromised. The other class of enemies, which Thomas attacked, were what he called the educated fellows. He proclaimed a sort of metaphysical faith in the proletariat. No educated leader was needed to proclaim this faith. A man who was not thrust aside as compromised was cast out as educated. In this way the Munich working people were deprived in a few weeks of all their well-known leaders, and the political stage was left empty for unknown men whose only qualification was an eager desire to get into the spotlight. Otto Thomas himself did not rise to eminence on this revolutionary wave, although he undoubtedly was the most popular speaker in Munich. On the other hand, a man literally crazy, but politically uncompromised and certainly uneducated, got the position of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and continued to send telegrams in every direction until his mental disease could no longer be concealed.

The meeting lasted late into the night and passed without incident. In the closing hours a very thin school mistress, with spectacles, mounted the speakers' stand and called for a vote of the comrades present, on the ground that in this critical situation only the instincts of the proletariat would be able to decide what was right. In order that this divine, saving instinct might find free and unpolluted expression, the vote must not be preceded by any formal address or explanation concerning the facts involved in establishing a Soviet republic. The mere untaught, unalloyed instinct of the people was to decide. Behold it did decide three days later, and we might have assumed with almost absolute certainty before the decision was made that some 3,300 comrades would vote in favor of the Soviet republic and some 3,300 comrades would vote against it. The instinct of the proletariat merely refused to settle the question. What will the poor school mistress do now? I am unable to imagine to what instinct her credulous nature will now appeal.

A few days later I attended a deciding meeting of the Munich Workers and Industrial Councils. It was held at the Hofbräu. Throughout the most revolutionary debates the waitresses forced their way through the crowd with twenty steins of beer in each hand. None of the Social Democratic leaders were visible. Had they not been invited? Did they not come? On the other hand the Independents and the Communists sent their best speakers. The principal speech was delivered by a young man in the gray tunic of a former officer. His name was Mr. Klingelhöfer. He was not a compromised person, but a new man and a passionate enthusiast. He spoke with the warmth inspired by the previous debate, employing short sentences of seven or eight words. Every sentence was a hammer blow. (The revolution has undoubtedly improved the oratorical talents of the Germans. At many of their mass meetings new speakers have appeared, speakers who have suddenly comprehended the great art of using simple language.) None of his sentences had a kite-tail of subordinate sentences. Each thought was set off by itself. This speaker tried to unite Majority Socialists, Independents, and

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Communists. He had been eagerly advocating this for several days. The Workers' Council listened to him with a fixed attention that indicated profound approval. Only occasionally was he interrupted by some whispered discourse between one of his auditors and a waitress. If you believe in this instinct so often mentioned, you must confess that by thus rising superior to party difference the people has given superior power and comprehension. This convincing speaker found prudent, but plain, words to characterize the Communist leaders, who persisted in their dogmatic isolation. Mr. Klingelhöfer was given an ovation.

Following him a Mr. Levine spoke. He had been exported from Russia a few days previously. He had the head of a scholar. He was a thin man with a great pointed nose, who monotonously gestured with the index finger. This Russian proved himself to be a long-winded instructor upon the Soviet system. He delivered his dry, and one may say scientific, lecture with ruthless monotony, until the Workers' Council was obviously restless. The Russian was interrupted by invitations to stop, and I began to have some faith in this people's instinct. But thereupon a great riot started in the gallery and the back part of the hall and the Communists insisted violently that the Russian be permitted to finish. So the listeners resigned themselves and Mr. Levine continued his instructions for half an hour more. But he had learned something from the incident and became more enthused with his subject, so that when he concluded he, too, received applause.

Thereupon, the chairman of the Independent Socialist party took the floor. He was a young man, a Mr. Ernest Toller, thin, pale, black hair, another enthusiast. He was a young chap twenty-five years old, who was a student in Marburg when the war broke out. He was a Social Democrat and the foolish regulations of the university authorities converted him into an ultra-radical. He is a man of poetic temperament, and I have seen plays which he has written that give evidence of talent, though it may be only the talent of a twenty-five-year-old youth. He served in the war, saw with his own eyes its brutalities, then returned to Munich, participated in a peace demonstration and was imprisoned. Consequently, he has not had much time for studying political science and economics. As chairman of the Independents he has, since the wounding of Auer deprived the city of its last Social Democratic leader, been called upon to play a responsible political part. We can say that he has performed the task with moral courage. Whether he is intellectually mature enough I cannot yet decide. In any case his passionate enthusiasm has been a drawback. All these young, ardent fellows, who are promoting the revolution in Germany to-day, are endowed with a minimum of practical knowledge. They are men of ardent faith, something for which they may be praised as well as criticized. Mr. Toller likewise spoke only in short, hammer blow, revolutionary style. Such a tone is necessary at these great meetings. He, too, pointed his index finger at Mr. Levine, the leader of the Communists, whom he charged with being the enemy of unity. Mr. Toller likewise was applauded.

Thereupon, Dr. Eugen Levien ascended the speaker's platform. He is no lean enthusiast, but a well-nourished comfortable man. His smooth shaven countenance suggested an actor. Everyone of his gestures was well calculated and would have delighted a moving picture operator. When he raised his arm in a pathetic

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appeal he used his little finger to lift up his white cuff, conscious of the fact that a pathetically raised arm looks better and is more effective when you see the little white rim of the cuff between the arm and the sleeve. In periods of profound emotion a black curl falls over his forehead. He knows it, and tosses back his head with a masterful motion, as though he would order his locks to return to their old position. Then he speaks, and the amiable, disobedient curl falls down almost into his eyes. Then suddenly he draws his well-manicured right hand through his artistic hair, and compels the disobedient curl to take its proper position. I have associated these romantic gestures with our eminent opera tenors. I get the same association from his pathos. When he ascended the speakers' stand two or three hundred people applauded. Liebknecht was never received in such a theatrical manner in Berlin. Levien began his speech with the bold question, 'Why are your eyes not aglow, comrades?' There was a lyrical undertone in these words, but beneath the deep pathos was concealed extraordinary shrewdness. Levien, who comes from Moscow, had joined the Munich Soviet movement greatly against his own desire. He felt that the whole revolution was ninety-nine per cent foreign to the Munich temperament. But that this ninety-nine per cent was leaderless, unadvised, phlegmatic, or confused, and that consequently the remaining one per cent had taken things into their own hands. Levien's speeches, trumpet-like as they might sound, always betrayed a fatal concern and tormenting sentiment of uncertainty. He defended himself against the attacks of the Independents with lurid sentences. The Soviet republic was a gift of Providence to the proletariat of Munich. It had not been won by bloody battles. Eight days later he said in the same assembly: 'Now that the pavements of Munich are red with the blood of the bourgeoisie and with the blood of the working people, I begin to have faith in the Munich revolution.' This rude, poster style of oratory produced a great effect, and Mr. Levien also was cheered.

Every speaker was cheered. The Workers' Councils remained in practically continuous session for several evenings and nights. The waitresses, who had carried steins of beer from morning till midnight, were already cursing the revolution. The last orator was always the man of the moment, provided he was eloquent. 'Our mass meetings are concerts.'

I attended several wild street meetings during the revolution. I had seen similar spontaneous assemblies with their improvised speakers in Berlin, but the Berlin corner orators were much more fanatical, and, I must add, men of a much higher grade. In Munich these street gatherings soon degenerated into a contest of witticisms or anti-Semite abuse, where Socialists and Communists, who just a few hours before had been applauding Levien and Levine, joined again in the applause.

On one of the last days of the revolution, I was a spectator of thrilling events at a brewery in Stachus, which is arranged for accommodating large gatherings. A dance of the Munich citizens with their brides and sweet hearts was going on. I stood at the entrance when we heard the first rifle shot. Several people went to the windows. A man came to the door and shouted, 'There is shooting outside.' But people kept on dancing. They did not turn a hair. They were not even curious. I ran down the steps and saw the first wounded writhing in their blood. But I was the only one at the

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dance who thought it worth while to go out on the street. When I returned I heard a dancer, who was waltzing by me, say in an irritated way, 'A lot of rascals among 'em!' The music had not ceased playing for a moment. Of course, there was dancing also in Berlin, but so far as I know only during the intervals in the fighting. Berlin people would have stopped dancing if only from curiosity. The Munich dancers were not even curious.

The Neue Freie Presse

FIVE TO ONE

BY H. J. JONES

THE peninsula of Gallipoli was once a beautiful country — a land of scattered farms and tended vineyards, of fig trees and date palms, of cypresses and tamarinds, of gorge and down, of careless husbandry and cheerful indolence. And, as it was, so will it become, in the reconciling lapse of the coming years; when that which now pollutes the soil shall have melted into nourishment, and that which now defiles shall have become ancient and subdued.

On this mid-May morning, however, it still presented features of a gracious and abundant beauty. Southward from the crest of Achi Baba the blue-green Ægean lay shimmering in the sun. The pellucid airs, faintly stirring, were pregnant with the promise of brooding sultry heat; and the sky, tinted with a blue milkiness, bent above the world as delicate as transparent porcelain.

Although but an hour after dawn, Achi Baba hummed with the insistent clamor of a bazaar. Men prayed and cursed, and gave blessing, in incongruous alternation; having adjured Allah Most High in a loud voice, a man, more often than not, would proceed to hurl obscene and picturesque abuse at his neighbor.

Beyond Achi Baba and about two miles along the road that winds away to cypress-hidden Alexi, stood a gray house, set apart, by a patch of meadow land, from interminable rows of pointed brown tents that rose in serene tranquillity from a maze of taut white cordage. Beyond the house a plantation of firs and beeches still held depths of sombre night gloom, touched here and there by the level sunbeams to glints of frosted silver; and beyond, a disused burial ground showed its square unlovely tombs all a-scatter beneath a cluster of cypresses and tamarinds. The door of the house was wide open, and two soldiers mounted an attentive guard, their eyes fixed toward the crest of the rising ground, beyond which the hillside lay torn and tortured as if a host of giant rodents had settled in the ground.

The little stone house, standing apart under the red flag of Turkey and the drapery of a vine in flower, appeared to be empty, for no sound of stir came from its open door, through which could be seen a passage running from back to front, and doors leading to single rooms on either side. Yet, despite the stillness, many strange things were happening or in suspense.

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In the narrow room to the right, as you entered the door, a man sat at a long narrow table covered with a white sheet on which five little heaps of pens and pencils and paper were set out with geometrical precision. In the oom to the left four men stood and waited in silence.

The man who sat by himself at the long white table was dressed in a uniform with a texture soft and gray, like the wing of a dove. It lay crumpled across his huge chest in three wide folds. He wore the badges of a German General Officer and two classes of the Iron Cross. He was von Eistel, Chief of Staff. His head looked incredibly round with its covering of stiff gray hair, cut *en brosse*. His forehead was deeply furrowed, and his cheeks red-veined and flushed. His jaws were heavy and folded like a hound's; his lips were bulbous, his neck swelling. Ponderous lids covered ruminating bloodshot eyes, and a curious growth of white hair made his ears seem much larger than they really were. He looked massive and truculent — a bull. One could well believe that, in anger, he roared; that he was greedy at his food — ostentatiously greedy in all his swaggering enjoyments.

Two of the four silent men in the room to the left were typical European Turks — impassive, indolent, and taciturn. They were dressed in neat and serviceable uniforms, and wore queer-shaped hats of brown lambs' wool. They had brightly colored watered silk ribbons on their breasts, and leering malicious anxiety on their faces. Khalek Pasha and Kamel Pasha, they had seen much service, and ranked as Divisional Commanders. Their pale, well-cut features were entirely disagreeable to look upon — a complexion with tints reminiscent of an apricot was not improved by eyes with a suggestion of a squint. Their eyebrows were thin and black and curved upward, and looked as if they had been badly painted by hand, and their pendulous noses bore eloquent testimony to the Semitic strain that tainted their Osmanli blood.

The two younger men were of a distinctly different type. One, who seemed about thirty-five or so, had a short squat figure, and, like von Eistel, was dressed in gray. He had a pink babyish face, with slightly bulging eyes, that as they peered through his round spectacles did not look like eyes at all. His hair was the color of straw and cropped close to his skull — a Prussian undoubtedly. He stood apart from the others, and clasped with obtrusive nervousness a swollen case of documents.

The other man who had youth to his credit was of the type that all men who have lived east of Suez sense as carrying black blood — the tint of purple in the finger nails, the duskiness of the skin, the sharp, stabbing, restless glance, the cruel, remorseless face. Hussan Bey, an upstart Anatolian, a *protégé* of Djemal — subtle as a tiger.

And these five men were gathered together on this mid-May morning to judge one of their own kind and quality. Five to one — unfair odds! They waited until a tin German clock, now worth fifty piastres in a Stambouli bazaar, should ring a strident seven o'clock; waited on the pleasure of a train of little brass wheels that a pin could derange and a child smash with his fist.

. . . . . .

At the end of a row of pointed brown tents, and set apart a space from its fellows, was one before which the flag of a Brigadier hung limply on a pole. And at ten minutes to seven o'clock Ahteen Bey, the one for whom the five judges waited in the gray house below,

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stood within and scanned, for the twentieth time, a scented letter of many sheets written in the beautiful Arabic character, that is itself a decoration. Unconsciously, as he read, he slipped the amber beads of a chaplet through his fingers, one by one.

Miralai Ahteen Bey was slight of stature and straight of carriage, and carried with singular dignity his well-cut brown uniform. His belts and sword lay on the canvas chair beside his bed. Although of pure Osmanli descent, he looked more like a southern Italian than the usual crossbred son of Islam. His eyes were bright and beady as a bird's; his nose straight, the nostrils superfine; his complexion had the indefinite pallor of a student. His glance, his every movement suggested grace and gentleness and indecision — scarcely a soldier.

And for the twentieth time he scanned the fluttering scented sheets that his white-haired old mother had penned behind the beaded inlaid casement of her room above the black waters of the far-off Bosphorus.

'. . . Light of my soul,' it ran, 'I kiss your eyes and your hands in salutation. Allah Most Merciful preserve thee from harm, and give thee strength to bear the great sorrow. Would that I could press your cheek to my bosom and ease your grief. . . . Meana has gone at the bidding of that vile son of a pig, Hussan Bey. May Allah quench the fire on his hearth and wild pig dogs defile the flesh of his ancestors. . . A letter came from Beirut; in it Meana told the news. . . . Day and night have I prayed to Allah Most Just to blast her sight and fill her belly with scorpions and torments. . . . Ah, Light of my soul, I kiss your eyes and your hands, again and again.'

Ahteen folded the sheets, thrust them into his tunic, and with a sigh of resignation sat down on the edge of his camp bed and fell to musing.

Meana gone! Well, perhaps, it had to be. And better so, Allah willing! And yet, how could one know such a sorrow would arrive. He thought of the time, not five years gone by, when he had married her,— a little wisp of daintiness,— a mere child with blackened eyes peeping over a yashmak filmy as gossamer. A little creature of shy grace and facile affections, an embodiment of light, so she seemed, asking nothing more than to spend her days in an atmosphere of perpetual perfume and confectionery and light-heartedness.

And then the upheaval that his two years as attaché in Paris had achieved. Meana taking to French ways, to dress, to extravagance, to intrigue, to——! And then nothing ever the same — nothing——!

And now she was gone, and at the bidding of that black swine Hussan. Well, if it had to be, Allah willing!

Ahteen rose with a sigh, and, walking slowly toward the folded flap of the tent, stood for a while and looked down upon the familiar symmetry of the busy camp. Men were astir everywhere. Pots simmered and smoked. Hungry horses stamped and whinnied with impatience, and tethered camels, turning up their noses at the world in general, grunted disapproval.

His musings were cut short by the entry into the tent of a Colonel in full dress, who gave him cheerful greeting, in the name of Allah.

'Ahteen, we had better go down at once, I think,' said Soliman Bey, the newcomer. 'The time moves toward seven.'

'That is so, Soliman,' answered Ahteen, smiling gravely. 'But I am ready.'

Without another word they stepped into the cordial sunshine, and began

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the descent to the gray house below.

'It is very good of you to support me,' said Ahteen, giving his companion a grateful grip of the arm. 'But von Eistel has the ear of Enver and Talaat, and one can never tell what tricks they will get up to.'

'It is a small service, Ahteen, a small service. Only let me beg of you not to argue with that swine von Eistel. Suffer his raving as best you can.'

Ahteen turned and smiled a little wearily. 'I promise you I will argue neither with him nor with any of them. I make no defense, Soliman. You understand. What they know, they know. And anything else one or the other will invent, if necessary.'

'By Allah, yes. Such a rat of the gutter as Hussan would do anything,' answered Soliman; and, after a pause, he queried, 'What are you going to do about Hussan and Zimmerman being junior to you?'

'Do; what can I do?' answered Ahteen. 'I'll protest as a matter of form, that is all. It is intended to be a studied insult, besides being against the law.'

The two men walked across the intervening space in silence; past the kneeling camel that groaned as if it had a violent pain in its stomach, and so into the house. The sentries saluted with a stamping of heels, the door on the right closed with a snap, and then the house was silent again.

. . . . . .

When Ahteen and Soliman entered the court-martial room the five judges were already seated at the long white table. The two senior officers sat one on each side of von Eistel, flanked by the two younger men, one each end. In front of the table two chairs had been placed, so that the light from the single window would fall on the faces of their occupants.

'Excellency, Miralai Ahteen Bey,' announced Soliman, saluting, after a pause of indecision.

Von Eistel looked up from under his heavy lids, and, without a word, waved his arm toward the vacant chairs. Turning toward his plump compatriot, he snorted, 'Bring me the convening authority and the charge documents.'

Without looking at them when placed at his hand he bent his huge body across the table, and exclaimed in rasping guttural Turkish and tones as crisp as a curse, 'Miralai Ahteen Bey, this Court has been convened by high authority to investigate charges made against you arising out of the operations of May the ninth.'

He threw his fleshy hand toward the documents, as if to say, 'There they are,' and moistening his lips as if for a feast he intended to enjoy, he continued, 'What do you plead?'

Hussan Bey, with arms extended across the table and lips parted over his yellow teeth, smiled to himself as Ahteen sprang to his feet with a flushed face.

'Excellency, I cannot plead to a charge the exact terms of which I do not know. And — and I respectfully protest against any charge being preferred in the presence of Zimmerman Bey and Hussan Bey, both of whom are junior to me.'

'Pssh! pssh!' interrupted von Eistel in rising tones. 'I don't want to be lectured by you. You're not dealing with subaltern officers now, you know. What do you plead? That is what I ask.'

'Excellency, this is quite irregular——'

'Gott im Himmel! Do you plead guilty or not? That's what I want to know. The charge; you know it as well as I do. Disobeying orders — my orders, you understand, my orders —

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and cowardice. That's the charge. Now, what do you plead?'

Von Eistel passed his forefinger round his neck inside the collar of his tunic. He appeared to be on the verge of apoplexy.

'Yes, disobeying orders,' mumbled Kamel Pasha. 'It's very simple.'

And Khalek Pasha, pursing his lips and folding his hands over his rotund paunch, echoed, 'Orders are given to be obeyed. Orders must be obeyed.'

Ahteen, his slim figure clothed in brown, and shorn of his belt and sword — symbols of a soldier's authority — bowed toward von Eistel with a weary gravity.

'Excellency, I have protested. Under the circumstances I decline to plead.'

Before von Eistel could give expression to his gathering anger, Hussan Bey interposed, his words falling slow, sibilant, and insinuating.

'Excellency, maybe if Ahteen Bey consulted with Soliman Bey he might find occasion to amend his——'

'No! no! no! Let the charge be read,' bellowed von Eistel. 'Here, read it. Give him his rope,' and he flung the heap of documents toward the end of the table.

The charge was read with gusto by Zimmerman Bey, the little Prussian. He spoke Turkish with a vile accent, but seemed to relish the task. And he stated the terms of the charge with deadly clearness. 'Miralai Ahteen Bey, in temporary command of the Brigade Simonin, received orders to advance his brigade on the night of May the eighth a distance of three miles; to entrench; and then, at dawn, to take his allotted place in a general attack on the Allied positions, the operations being planned to separate the British from the French and to drive both into the sea. The instructions were that the movements must be carried out irrespective of losses.' The gist of the charge against Ahteen Bey was, that after taking his brigade one mile, he, without authority, ordered a halt until dawn, whereby adjacent brigades were left in the air, the operations failed, and a general retirement was only effected after heavy losses.

'That is the charge,' shouted von Eistel. 'Now, what do you plead?'

Before Ahteen could respond Soliman was on his feet, speaking in quiet decisive tones.

'Excellency, as the friend of Miralai Ahteen Bey and on his behalf, I respectfully protest against the procedure and the constitution of the Court. The accused rightly declines to plead before his juniors.'

'The objection is overruled,' snarled von Eistel, turning to his right and left as if to get confirmation of the statement. 'No other senior General Officers are available. And I impress on you that if Ahteen Bey declines to plead, the Court is empowered to interpret that as a plea of "Guilty." It is the law.'

'Excellency, if Ahteen objects to plead, he may serve the purposes of the Court by making a statement, an explanation of the facts of the charge,' suggested Hussan Bey. 'I am under the impression that he did not altogether approve of the scheme of the operations.'

'Approve! Approve!' shouted von Eistel, pounding the table with his two fists. 'My plans, my plans! Not approved. Mein Gott! Who dares suggest such an outrage?'

'Excellency! Excellency!' interrupted Soliman in tones of amazement, 'I protest. I protest. This is most irregular. Ahteen Bey has declined to plead.'

'Ahteen Bey not approve my plans,' continued the President, ignoring the interruption. 'Mein Gott!'

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'Excellency, it has been suggested,' insinuated Hussan Bey. 'Kamel Pasha, I think, told me that.—'

'Excellency, it is as Hussan Bey states,' spluttered Kamel Pasha. 'In conversation I understood Ahteen Bey to criticize, to — ah — to suggest improvements, alterations. Academic, no doubt — the habit of the schoolmaster.'

'Mein Gott! Mein Gott!' shouted von Eistel, rising to his feet with difficulty, and shaking his fist at the two silent figures before him. 'So, it is like that, is it? You, a weed of a schoolmaster, set yourself up to criticize me — me! Mein Gott, you shall be shot! — you shall be shot!'

'Excellency, this is monstrous.' Soliman Bey strode forward and faced the raging President of this Court of Summary Justice. 'It is an outrage. Miralai Ahteen Bey rightly declines to plead before this Court illegally constituted. The law interprets that as a plea of "Guilty." Well and good. But what are the true facts of the charge, Excellency? Ahteen Bey stands charged with disloyalty and cowardice; but who among you, his judges, dare so charge him before Allah? Ahteen Bey obeyed your orders, Excellency. But I know, and every member of this Court knows, that your orders were based on incorrect information. Allied troops were found three miles northeast of where they were stated to be in your instructions. They brought the Brigade Simonin to a standstill within a mile of marching, and the reported casualties were so heavy that Ahteen Bey, suspecting the brigade had gone astray in the darkness, or that your information had been unreliable, ordered a halt until dawn. Evidence exists that Ahteen Bey twice reported to General Headquarters what he had done, and that his report passed into the hands of Miralai Hussan Bey, who suppressed it. Ahteen Bey assumed, not unnaturally, that, in the absence of further instructions, his action had been approved. These are the true facts, Excellency. That is all.'

'But orders are given to be obeyed,' muttered Khalek Pasha uneasily. 'Orders must be obeyed, no matter what happens.'

'Yes, only it is a little difficult to obey orders that one has criticized,' answered Hussan Bey, whose eyes were glinting like those of a beast that has come on the scent of prey.

'Go on! Go on!' shouted von Eistel, almost speechless. 'Go on! What more am I to hear about the private views of your friend?

'And you?' asked von Eistel, pointing to Ahteen. 'Have you nothing to say?'

'I have nothing to say, Excellency,' replied Ahteen. 'I am at your disposal.'

'So, so, is it!' grunted von Eistel, sitting down and leaning back in his chair. 'So, so!'

In some respects this huge German was not a bad man. In far-off Königsberg the prim little lady who was his wife could tell of countless ponderous tendernesses, of how a strain of sad, solemn music, or the cold wet touch of a dog's muzzle, or the clinging embrace of a little child could charge this truculent bull-like man with all manner of gentle issues. But this was different. This touched his pride and reputation as a soldier — an unforgivable offense.

The room became very quiet of a sudden. A wandering streamer of the flowering vine tapped a tune on the window, all by itself; the mice cheeped with delight as they played hide and seek under the floor; a wasp flew time and again from top to bottom of the window with its nose close against the

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glass; in the sunshine a camel gave voice to its misery.

'The Court will deliberate,' muttered von Eistel, after a whispered consultation with his colleagues. 'In the meantime Miralai Ahteen Bey remains in open arrest.'

As soon as they were clear of the gray house Ahteen took his mother's letter from his tunic and handed it to Soliman without a word.

'What is this?' asked Soliman after reading a few lines. 'Why did n't you tell me this before we went down there? It makes the whole thing even more monstrous.'

'Meana has gone,' answered Ahteen. 'Nothing can alter that — nothing. It is the will of Allah.'

Within an hour an orderly rode up to the tent before which the flag of a brigadier hung limply on a pole and handed Soliman a sealed letter containing the sentence of the Court. He then rode down again, without saying a word.

. . . . . .

Night was at hand. The setting sun, flinging bars of defiant light across the sky, touched the drifting cloud fluff to the radiance of foaming gold. Low in the east the lamp of a great red star was trimmed and burning, with none to keep it company. The gray shapes of mighty ships, blinking at their moorings, looked like toys of lead upon a leaden sea. Countless camp-fires flew their torn and draggled smoke banners. The air was damp with heavy dew, and men drew breath in a thin white mist, for night was at hand.

Ahteen shivered a little as he entered the support trenches of his brigade. They lay athwart the hill and dipped down toward Krithia, three miles away. The troops were at their evening meal, nibbling their hard round cakes and sipping their sweet fragrant coffee with evident delight.

In his hand Ahteen carried the letter that the silent sentry had given to Soliman within one hour of the court-martial. It announced the sentence of the Court. 'Guilty! Punishment: death within twenty-four hours.' And to the formal letter was attached a private one, addressed to Soliman, in which von Eistel expressed the hope that within the day's grace Ahteen Bey would see some way of rendering it unnecessary for the sentence to be carried out.

As he passed from one line of trenches to another Ahteen smiled at the clumsy manner in which the German had suggested suicide. But, after all, what matter? In twenty-four hours.

At the end of one of the firing trenches he halted for a moment, and then stepped up over the parapet into the open. Twelve yards before him yawned the black irregular line of another section of the trench.

'Miralai, Miralai, this way!' shouted a young subaltern, pointing down a communication trench that formed a passage from one line to the other. 'This way. It's not safe up there. They have snipers out.'

'Ah, it's not far,' answered Ahteen, peering down at the frank eager face of the boy. 'It's not far. I shall be all right.' And saying that he turned and walked across the twelve yards of dead ground.

. . . . . .

In a dugout about two hundred yards in front of the fire trench along which Ahteen had been walking, Corporal Swanston, replete with bread and jam, chocolate, and strong sweet tea, rose to his feet and casually applied his dirty unshaven countenance to the mirror of a periscope that was attached to the butt of a rifle resting on the parapet.

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'Hallo, another damn fool asking for trouble!' he ejaculated suddenly to himself. 'What the 'ell's he up there for?' And pressing a false butt attached to the rifle into his shoulder, he took deliberate aim and fired. Automatically he raised his right hand, and with a click-clack shot another round home. Faintly against the background of the scrub-covered hill he saw the lonely figure of a man turn round, fall backward, and disappear.

'Serves him right!' muttered Corporal Swanston. 'What the 'ell did he think he was up to, standing up like that?'

'Crikey, that jam's set my tooth off again,' he added in plaintive tones. 'Why the devil don't they give us jam without pips in it?'

Land and Water

THE RESURRECTION OF LOUVAIN

BY A LOUVAIN GRADUATE

DURING the war the name of Louvain has often stood as a symbol for the spiritual goods of civilization, whose fate was to be decided by the issue of the fight. The tragic events of August, 1914, had attracted the whole world's attention to the peaceful Belgian town. Louvain had in many ways been the centre of intellectual life, especially Catholic, in Belgium, and during the war, notwithstanding the ill-fate of so many other Belgian towns and villages, it was identified with the country herself, in the minds of her friends and allies. The beginning of new life at Louvain may, therefore, be considered also as one of the most important features of the restoration of Belgium.

It may be interesting to note that at the time of the armistice Louvain narrowly escaped a renewal of the scenes of horror of 1914. The German garrison there had mutinied, as in other places, and established a *Soldatenrat* which had usurped authority over the troops. Suddenly the members of the *Soldatenrat* were told that the inhabitants had planned a revolt against them and a massacre of the Germans. In spite of their 'new spirit' and their Socialist convictions, the soldiers were firm believers in the old tales of *francs-tireurs;* they prepared for resistance, with the officers whom they had just deposed. They resolved immediately to use the old methods and to take hostages — just as if they had been Major Manteuffel himself or von der Goltz. It must be said, and we are glad to say it, that it was chiefly the former commander of the town, General Lübbert, who persuaded them not to execute such measures. Who knows what would have happened again to these hostages in the excited state of mind of the soldiers?

Soon after the armistice, communications by rail were restored, so that it was possible to get the students back to their old home. About the same time, the Minister of War decided that the officers and soldiers who were entitled to attend University lectures

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might reside in special formations in the four Belgian University towns: Brussels, Liège, Louvain, and Ghent, while those who had actually served at the front more than one year were granted particular privileges. There was thus hope of getting many students at Louvain, though, on the other hand, various circumstances caused anxiety lest few would avail themselves of their opportunities. Some were discouraged and disgusted after so long an interruption, and after the entirely different life at the front, where they had scarcely been able to read a book occasionally. Others who wished to resume their studies had lost the habit of intellectual work, and forgotten much of what they had learned. Besides, life was still so expensive that many who had been more or less ruined by the war would be unable to send their sons to the University, or would at least hesitate before letting them embark on a long course of studies. Moreover, as more than 1,000 houses, and those the largest and best situated, had been destroyed, the housing problem was bound to be a difficulty.

The opening had been fixed for the 21st of January, and the academical authorities were waiting anxiously for that day. They expected at the utmost an enrollment of 1,500. But that number was from the first day considerably exceeded. At present, more than 3,000 have matriculated — a number never attained before the year 1914.

Very impressive was the opening ceremony. It lacked, it is true, the external splendor of old days. Instead of the solemn procession of professors in their gowns and of students bearing the flags of the different societies, emerging from the mediæval *Halles*, all were in their everyday clothes as they marched out of the *Institut de Spoelberch* to attend the Mass of the Holy Ghost in the church of St. Peter, that has already been considerably restored since its partial destruction. The only conspicuous feature was the presence of the many students in khaki, who came to resume peaceful work after their hard toil on the Yser and on the other battlefields. Never was an opening Mass attended with such devotion. Everybody thoroughly realized the grandeur of this re-opening, quite different from the old annual ceremony.

Afterwards, the rector, Mgr. Ladeuze, delivered a striking speech before a crowded audience in the large hall of the *Collège du Pape*. He traced again the barbarous sacking and burning which had threatened to destroy the Catholic University. He recalled what professors and students had done for their country, either at the front, in foreign lands, or in occupied Belgium. One thing must be particularly noted: the reply to the German *White Book* on the alleged warfare of the civilians in as far as it concerns Louvain; a refutation drawn up with great care and according to really critical methods by one of the ablest professors of classical history, M. Fernand Mayence. His work was composed and printed secretly at Louvain, during the occupation. It was largely read in Belgium, and copies of it were sent to Havre, where it was given in the *Gray Book*, edited by the Belgian Government, in answer to the German calumnies. The University suffered severe losses during these years: about 150 actual students fell on the field of honor; 11 professors died, some of whom were expected to have a still long and glorious career. The greatest loss is probably that of Professor Van Gehuchten, the famous neurologist, who died at Cambridge in 1914; all his friends assure us that the destruction

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of his house containing nearly all his scientific notes, the result of long days of labor, was largely a cause of his premature death. Professor Ponthière had been wantonly killed by the German troops at Hastière, near Dinant, where he was spending his vacations. Some other professors had retired, so that at the beginning of the academical year about twelve new lecturers were appointed.

All set to work with the greatest alacrity, notwithstanding the long interruption. Or rather, this same circumstance made the students better understand the necessity of serious application; besides, time and the tragic events of the war have ripened them. The result is, on the whole, a more manly and mature spirit, and also a greater fervor in Christian life. The first examinations which were held recently showed, moreover, that the intellectual ability of the military students has not decreased.

While the University is thus working with courage to resume her old traditions, she is also helped, or will be helped, from outside. The chief work is, of course, the reconstruction of the library. During the occupation, the most prominent Belgian learned societies appealed to their members and to all friends of learning in order to get gifts of books for the University. About 80,000 volumes were received in a short time, coming only from the part of Belgium which was subject to the General-Governor in Brussels. On the other hand, proposals of the Germans to coöperate, even on a large scale and in a tempting way, to the cause of reconstruction, were constantly declined, for the University could not accept from the enemy as a gift what was due as a strict reparation.

At the same time, a great movement was started in the allied and neutral countries, to make the new library an international work. Several professors, especially the chief librarian, Professor Delannoy, devoted themselves to the work of calling attention to this enterprise, and met great sympathy everywhere, not only in Europe, but also in North and South America. Finally, on the last anniversary of the sack of Louvain, in 1918, the association took its definite shape, under the protection of the *Institut de France*, and was formally installed at Havre, in the presence of representatives of the Belgian Government; Mgr. Deploige, president of the *Institut Supérieur de Philosophie* of the University, gave a moving discourse on *La Résurrection de Louvain*.

As yet, no definite plans have been formed for the rebuilding. It is rumored that some people, especially Americans, would wish to keep the ruins of the old library in their present state, as a perpetual memorial of the barbarous attack of 1914, and that a large new building should be erected on another spot. This depends, of course, chiefly on the resources which will be available. It must be remembered that the Catholic University of Louvain is not supported by any official contributions, either from the state or from other public bodies. But the municipality grants her the free use of some colleges, formerly belonging to the University, and confiscated at the time of the French Revolution. This year, too, the Provincial Council of Brabant has decided to give 50,000 francs to aid the reconstruction of the library. All the expenses of the University, which numbers about 130 professors, rest thus on the voluntary contributions of the Belgian Catholics. Even during the war, the University has been improved by the building of two new colleges which are now open: a splendid institute for physiology, which is one of the finest in the

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world, and a school for commercial sciences.

As to the library, the contents are still more important than the building which is to house them. It is impossible to replace the manuscripts, archives, portraits of former professors, and other works of art or memorials. The very valuable and unique collection of printed works of the sixteenth to eighteenth century on *Jansenistica* and *Jesuitica* has gone forever. But it is to be hoped that the new library will present some peculiar interest and resume the traditions of the old one. If we may trust the comments of the newspapers, Germany is to be obliged to deliver some valuable materials for that purpose. On the other hand, many books have been gathered, especially in England and in America. It is known that the Pope has ordered that copies of all the duplicates of the Vatican Library should be given to the University; this was even the first practical step which has been made toward the formation of the new collection. It was recently announced that an English benefactor had decided to give to the University a contemporary portrait of the famous Justus Lipsius, which will take the place of the remarkable picture that has been destroyed. May this example be followed by many!

We may hope that Louvain will soon resume her place in the activity of Belgium. The University has trained many of the most prominent representatives of that country, and especially many of those on whom rested the heavy burden of the resistance to the enemy and of the government of their country in difficult times. Let us mention here only that M. Van den Heuvel, one of the Belgian delegates at the Peace Conference, is a highly esteemed professor of law and the founder of the *Ecole des Sciences politiques et sociales*, and that among the technical advisers of the delegation is also Professor Terlinden. The national importance of the University was strikingly demonstrated by the interest which King Albert has shown to her during his recent visit to Louvain, which, though informal, was none the less thorough. He asked to be shown the ruins of the library and then to the principal college, and there he talked with a great familiarity and cordiality to the rector and the professors.

The Tablet

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TAGORE AS A NOVELIST

THIS book is a novel; we have never before read a novel about Hindus by a Hindu, so that we cannot be sure how far the novelty of treatment and subject heightens its interest for us. Further, it is about the Swadeshi or nationalist movement in India and its effect on a Rajah and his wife; and this movement must interest every English reader who is interested in anything beyond flappers or the parish pump. But a bad writer might have made even this material dull; Sir Rabindranath Tagore has made a work of art out of it. Only at the end does the movement begin to swamp the characters; before that we see the movement in the characters, and, if the author is not fair to it, if his nationalist leader is not representative, he can plead that he is dealing with particular people — that he is an artist, not a politician.

The story is told by three different characters, the Rajah, who is really what we should call a country gentleman; his wife, Bimala; and the nationalist leader, Sandip Babu. It is a method used by Wilkie Collins, but Sir Rabindranath employs it in his own way and with great skill, not merely to advance the plot, but to express different points of view. All the three characters become familiar to us at once because of the sublety with which they are drawn; they are not Hindus merely, but human beings; it is only their world of circumstance and ideas that is strange to us. Nikhil, the Rajah, is a gentleman and a patriot, more philosophic and religious than any Englishman of his standing would be, more patient and detached. He is, in fact, finer than a European, and his European education has only given him a greater power of detachment. His wife, Bimala, whom he treats as a European would treat his wife, and who also can express herself with European self-consciousness, is a wonderful hybrid, half passion, half thought, half a worshiper of idols by instinct, half a woman of the world. In fact, they are all hybrids, and the strangest and most interesting of all is the nationalist leader Sandip. He is a Hindu Nietzschean — and we did not know that such people existed. He worships power, and above all power in himself; and he helps us to see more clearly why the Germans have worshiped power in Germany and in themselves, why the teaching of Nietzsche has cast such a spell over them. Sandip, like the Germans, says that his people have been on the wrong tack all through history; they have been visionaries, humble and meek because they have cared nothing for the things of this world. Events have proved that they are mistaken; they have made the worst of both worlds.

> Let moral ideals remain merely for those poor anæmic creatures of starved desire whose grasp is weak. Those who can desire with all their soul and enjoy with all their heart, those who have no hesitation or scruple, it is they who are the anointed of Providence. . . . Nature surrenders herself but only to the robber. For she delights in this forceful desire, this forceful abduction. . . . Ashamed? No, I am never ashamed! I ask for whatever I want, and I do not always wait to ask before I take it.

— and so on. Nietzsche is never mentioned, but it is his doctrine — a doctrine arising naturally in a people used to subjection and tired of it, anxious to be successful in the world but without experience of it.

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Sandip glorifies ruthlessness both in his country and in himself; he becomes for himself the mouthpiece and representative of his country; very conveniently their interests are to him identical. He does not say to himself that he is a swindler and a would-be adulterer; he says that both he and his country must behave without scruple if they are to get their desires, which are the same. He is to himself a superman, on what grounds, except that he is a good mob orator, we do not discover. European teaching has robbed him of formal belief in his country's gods, but — and here is the great interest of the story — he remains an idolater and a polytheist at heart. It is no longer gods or goddesses that he worships, but instincts and passions, and these he worships entirely for their strength. He inhabits a world of ideas like that of Wagner's Ring, in which an old mythology expresses the conflict of human forces, and in which there can be no harmony, but only a conflict with a survival of the strongest. That is the psychological basis of polytheism, as we see clearly in this book. A harmony is not even desired, so we cannot say that it is despaired of. Nietzsche was instinctively a polytheist, the passions warring with each other being his gods; and in Hindu religion these passions have deified themselves immemorially and are worshiped because they are the strongest things known to man. So Sandip is more profoundly and naturally a Nietzschean than Nietzsche himself. He, like the Germans, worships the passions because really he is afraid of them, because they are his masters; and he has power because he lives in a world that is ruled by fear. Nikhil puts it clearly in his indictment of the nationalist movement and its terrorism.

> The slavery that has entered into our very bones is breaking out, at this opportunity, as ghastly tyranny. You have been so used to submit to domination, through fear, you have come to believe that to make others submit is a kind of religion. My fight shall be against this weakness. this atrocious cruelty.

The story is of his fight against it, hampered by his own sense of justice and love of country, and worse still by the fact that his wife falls under the spell of Sandip; her relations with him are given with the utmost subtlety. He, like a born idolater, says, 'All the fights of the world are really fights between hypnotic forces. Spell cast against spell — noiseless weapons which reach even invisible targets'; and she is half, but only half, hypnotized by him. She sees at times his vulgarity, for she is herself neither a fool nor a vulgarian nor a minx; but she is half in love with him, half with his cause; and to her, as to him, the two sometimes become one.

At the end the story grows confused; the counterpoint of the cause and the characters is lost in a mere muddle of both, and we are left hardly knowing what has happened. It is, in fact, not an end at all but merely a stop; and we wish to ask a number of questions which the author does not answer. But this failure is only at the end; and it comes because expectations so great have been raised. Besides, the book sets us thinking on our own account; it gives us the clue to a whole world before unknown to us; and, through that, to many things which puzzle us in our own world. Hitherto, we have advanced in Europe because we have at least the desire for monotheism. In this book we see a world in which all the conflicting passions and instincts of men cease to be valued by any standard above them because they are deified. Sandip can call any instinct of himself or the mob a god or a goddess, and so can decline the task of valuing

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it. Its divinity is in its strength; and that divinity is really a deification of self or country, at any rate of 'things as they are.' From all these deified instincts there is no appeal, if only they are strong enough to gratify themselves; and Sandip can make the mob do what he will by mythologizing his purposes. He can clap the name of a god or a goddess on to any herd or personal instinct. There is the same process at work always in any appeal to mob passion in any age or country; but with us it is hindered by our monotheism, since with us there is one God above the passions, Himself the judge of them all. Sandip does not really believe in his pantheon; but he has inherited a mental habit from it which enables him to work on the feelings of other polytheists. It is the mental habit of the demagogue in all ages and countries; and he makes us understand that there can be freedom nowhere until mankind are consciously on their guard against their own idolatries. That is really the theme of the book, and it is the more interesting because in the main it is worked out in characters, not in propositions.

The Times

TO-DAY'S ENGLAND

BY PHILIP GIBBS

I

WHAT used to be middle-age before the war is just doting senility now. My contemporaries and I who used to regard ourselves, in 1914, as rising young fellows, now find ourselves in the sere and yellow leaf regarded as hoary old buffers by the people to whom the new world belongs, who are the Younger Generation.

They have been coming along so fast, these children. They came along, some of them, in a big tide, after March of 1918 — 300,000 of them, mostly about 18 years of age, and many less than that, to fight in the last phase of the war. It was they, mingled with veterans of 20 to 25, thrice wounded men, and the survivors of many battles, who smashed their way to victory and finished the struggle which had been begun by their fathers and their elder brothers.

I remember the glory of these boys, the fresh splendor of their youth, as I saw them first in the camps behind the lines near Arras and Amiens. They looked astonishingly young. I hated to think of them going forward to the furnace fires, but they went at a fine swinging pace, with their heads up, and fought with boyish gallantry, and helped in the quick ending which came at last with a rush.

Before then it had been largely a boys' war. Old men of 40, in spite of their senile patriotism, were not much good in the trenches, and no good at all in the air. They were all right in labor battalions, and in back areas as town majors or staff clerks, but forward they went down with bronchitis, or shell shock, or broke up by sheer old age.

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It was partly the extreme youthfulness of fighting units which caused such a prejudice against British generals and generalship. Gray hairs under a brass hat did not impress our lads with awe and reverence. They thought: 'There goes another Father Christmas who studied the Wars of the Roses and is applying their methods to battles in Flanders. Poor dear old gentleman! Why does n't he make way for middle-aged fellows of 25?'

I used to go to tea with some of our airmen in their hangars near the madhouse at Bailleul, and elsewhere (poor old lunatic ladies had to escape in a hurry from 12-inch shells), and heard amazing adventures from knights-errant of the air who had dared death a hundred times or more at the age of 19½ or 20-odd.

The major of one squadron was 24, and, therefore, a veteran, almost too old for his job after three years' flying across the lines. Incredibly old in length of service as a fighting airman!

One of these boys came in to tea one day in his pajamas, rather sulky and with rumpled hair, having slept late after a night raid. He looked to me uncommonly like Pauline Chase as Peter Pan. I could not believe he had killed three Germans a few days before. He called me 'sir' because of my antiquity.

So it is in England now, as I find after a brief exploration of this new era in the old country. Youth has developed earlier than in my prehistoric past — in all classes of society. I have already devoted a little space to the phenomenon of the 'Flapper,' but I must allude to her again as a striking 'sign of the times.' (How she would hate to be called that!)

There seem to be enormous numbers of her species, as though a few summer days had brought her out in swarms, readymade, in her dinky hat and short skirt and colored stockings.

I see her — certainly not more than 16 and something — surrounded by boys after office hours. She has a free and easy way with her, an air of complete and joyous independence. She finds life 'all right.' She is not worrying about the laws of economics, threatened revolutions, and other little troubles of a world in transition. She is earning a nice little salary with which to buy nice little frocks, and she is quite pleased, thank you very much.

She regards with contempt the old maids of ancient history who still lurk about with small muzzled dogs in lieu of the jolly comradeship of boys.

Her mother's protests that 'I should not have been allowed such freedom in my young days' leave her stone cold.

'What fuggy days they must have been!' she remarks, preparing for a sortie to give young Tom a bit of her mind because he did not lift his hat last night.

At 16½ she had more knowledge of human nature than her grandmother at 60 — the new style of human nature which believes in realism, facing facts, and getting happiness when it lies handy.

The sterner sex — Heaven help their weakness! — is equally precocious. In what used to be called the lower middle classes, before the social change created a new democracy, boys of 16 and 17 have been earning good wages in munition factories and other factories in the absence of their fathers and elder brothers on a different kind of job. They became during that time the heads of the household, being the only male representative of the family, or at least the eldest boy at home.

There is a good deal of talk of hooliganism, boy bandits, and other types of youthful ruffianism, having resulted from this new phase of things, and I

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have no doubt that is true. But on the other hand there are, I am sure, great numbers of lads — I have talked with some of them — who have remained perfectly steady in this period of prosperity and hard work, and have gained strength of character, and a serious outlook on the affairs of life by this early training in independence and responsibility.

I find that these boys are taking a keen interest in the conditions of labor and the social problems of the day. They are worth talking to because out of their young ideas the new world is to be made. I have been astonished at their precocity of intelligence and their range of interest. This is due, I am sure, to the stimulus of the great drama of war, which stirred their imagination and emotion as something very much to do with themselves and their own fate.

Those boys were profoundly and intimately touched by the war. It was to their houses in small streets that there came the dab of the postman's knock and the delivery of a pink envelope stating briefly that the man who was their father had been killed in action or that their elder brother had been badly wounded. As year after year passed these announcements of death or disablement became familiar.

There was Uncle Fred in the casualty list. (He had given them their first peg-tops.) Uncle Jack had fallen. (They were sorry for that because of his jolly laugh.) Cousins fell like ninepins — and boys rising 16 saw the war creeping nearer to them. One day, perhaps, they would be called to those places where so many men fell.

Why did it happen like this? What was it all for? Why should this life of theirs — this active, amusing, interesting life — be cut short suddenly because Germans were fighting in France?

These boys asked these questions not of their mothers, but of their own souls. They have answered them in divers ways. Their philosophy now, as far as I have heard it in a boys' clubhouse is not cut-and-dried, but though their views differ violently, as those of older men, they are based on realities, on experience of what is happening around them, and on very watchful observance of the world's events.

Some of them I have met are critical of labor agitation. They speak cynically of the extremists who 'want to grab other people's money.' Some of them think the discharged soldier is 'asking too much. . . . He can't expect to earn the wages of a skilled man when he is not trained to skilled work.'

They are down on the profiteer, and tell tales of flagrant robberies by small shopkeepers who raise their prices double or treble without any reason or excuse. They know because they serve in the shops and watch these things. Others are audacious and light-hearted in their revolutionary ideas.

It is not the present views of these boys that matters. They are simply reflected from what they read in the *Daily Herald* or the papers of their choice. But what is going to matter is that boys of 14, 15, or 16 years of age are keenly interested in social conditions and international politics, and want to know the reason why of this and that. They want to know, among other things, why they should not enjoy the game of life, and they mean to have a try, here and now.

It is the age of youth, high and low. Alec Waugh, who wrote the *Loom of Youth*, with such a strong touch, with such irony, before he had touched 20, is not an isolated phenomenon. Out in France in war time I met many young

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officers not much older than that, and some younger, who were writing poetry in dugouts and billets, and writing it very well, with fine technique and honest self-expression. From the lucky ones who lived will come the new school of English letters, unflinching in realism, I fancy, but spiritual also, and full of hope.

There is a strange crowd at Oxford now, as I saw by a glimpse or two, some weeks ago. Young officers who are veterans of war have come back to their colleges, or are 'freshers' in their first year. They reveal wounds on their bodies when they strip for a swim. They commanded platoons, companies, wings, tanks, and were in some of the big battles, and in the Army of Occupation at Cologne, where they met the Hun in his home life. Now they are playing ragtime in college rooms, and entertaining parties at the 'Randolph,' and talking and talking, late into the night, with younger men just up from public schools or those who wore white bands round their caps and escaped war by a hairbreadth.

It is too early yet to say what effect this will have on the spirit of Oxford, but it will be interesting — even important. History will have a new meaning to men who have helped to make it. The humanities will be interpreted by those who have seen much of life in its intensity. Social economy will not be an academic subject from which these men are aloof, but the science by which their own lives will be shaped, and that of England.

How good to be young again and go to Oxford in these days after war, when a New World of life and art is being born out of its emotions and experience!

One thing is certain, though all else is in doubt. The war with all its agonies has not saddened youth, nor left any heritage of gloom in the heart of the younger generation. Older men brood, and look back and remember. Boyhood says, 'That's finished! Let's get on with the game!' and look forward.

They are looking forward fearlessly. They are not worried by whispers of revolution — if it comes they will be in the 'scrum' — they are not losing the gift of laughter because Eastern Europe is a welter of anarchy. They have excellent appetites and high spirits, though there is a mass of misery in the world. They like ragtime, pretty girls, the Jazz dance, the open road, the wayside inn, the good old river, the jovial company, where every fantastic idea has free play with naked realism, youthful cynicism, irony, and the laughter of the gods.

I find that in England, now, the younger generation are preparing to possess themselves of their inheritance and that they are pushing on one side already many old traditions and many old barriers. There will be some terrible shocks for the veterans who linger on, trying to pretend that we are all going back to where we were, trying to reëstablish the old philosophies.

The new philosophy of social life will be more vital, more honest, more open-eyed to the needs of the Nobodies, and more desirous of beauty in this renaissance of England which is going to follow the four years' sacrifice.

Let's leave it to youth.

II

For some time since the armistice there have been coming back into London numbers of oldish-young men, bronzed, and rather gray about the temples, who hurry out of khaki and walk eastward to Fleet Street, or westward to Chelsea and the Kensingtons, and, on the way meet friends who look very much like themselves. I know

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what they say, because I have been meeting them lately myself.

'Hullo! By Jove, it's good to see you again in this ghost-world! What are you going to do?'

'Trying to pick up the old threads. Lots of 'em are broken, eh? What a mess! But I suppose I can make some kind of a living at the old game, when I've had a look round.'

Some of them drift back to the old jobs easily enough, reviewing other men's books, sub-editing the news of the world which for four years or more they helped to make, as captains or majors in front line trenches, or as elderly subalterns in charge of labor companies, or as Town Majors in towns that were wiped from the map.

I like to see them again, sitting at the same old desks, with burned old pipes on, the papers at their elbows. They look a bit older than when I last saw them before the war, and in a reminiscent mood they tell queer little tales of blood and death which end with a laugh, and the comforting words, 'Well, that's all over!'

Others are not getting back to their old jobs so easily, because they were dependent upon imagination, temperament, and some artistry in their souls or their finger tips, and those are not recaptured after war at a moment's notice.

'Good lord, I've lost my touch forever!' says a Georgian-looking gentleman standing back from a canvas in a studio which to him is full of old ghosts and young ambitions which have died the death.

A musician who was 'every inch a soldier — I don't think!' (as he says), is trying to forget five wasted years and remember those melodies which were running through his head before a certain day in August of 1914. He can hear them faintly and afar off, but they are elusive and try to escape from him.

A young barrister sits in his room in the Temple where the dust gathered in his absence. He had plenty of briefs before he put on khaki. Now — it is queer and alarming — nothing comes his way.

There is a gunner officer who wrote short stories before the war. In a Battersea Park flat he is trying to think out an idea — an idea — an idea — but the noise of gunfire in the Ypres salient seems to have stunned him; and meanwhile his tailor's bill is pretty big, and the cost of living is the devil.

Before the war I used to know the Intellectuals of London, who are now groping their way back to old haunts and habits.

I do not mean, of course, the Big Intellects, who governed the Empire (and found themselves aghast with their governance on the edge of the precipice, in 1914), nor those who gained large sums of money by prodigies of brain-power in high financial circles; but the little 'Intellectuals,' who were busy thinking, and talking, and writing, and painting, and tinkling on pianos, and experimenting in life and art, somewhere in the neighborhood of Battersea Park, or between Fulham Road and King's Road, Chelsea, and in the outer Kensingtons.

But they, after all, were the people who counted — more than the Really Great — for their ideas, and experiments, and conversations (with farthing buns for tea in Chelsea, and coffee and cakes at 10 o'clock in Kensington), sowed the seeds of the new philosophy which now is working a change in the heart of England and in all its social customs. They were the rebels whose ideas are being adopted by the lawmakers.

They were advocates, in a vague, idealistic way, of the 'uplift' in the lives of working people which is now the acknowledged gospel, even among

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those who are afraid of it. They were amiable Bolsheviki, before Lenine and Trotzky, but with a disbelief in violence, cruelty, and blood. And then the war came crashing into the midst of them.

It smashed up the tea-parties with farthing buns in Chelsea. The artists' models went into munitions, and the artists cut their hair short and put on khaki. Conversation languished in the outer Kensingtons because there were no cakes with the coffee, and, anyhow, the little 'Intellectuals' had been scattered like chaff by the strong wind and flame of war.

Ghosts! I often used to think of them during the years of war, and wondered what had happened to them all. Their ideals had been smashed to pulp by all the bloody business in the fields of Europe.

What did Futuristic art matter now that green grass was being streaked with red, and there were violent combinations of color over cities and cathedrals under the range of guns? Their little tunes on tinkling pianos had been silenced by the roar of great artillery.

There was a bigger drama being played than any of their efforts at the Stage Society. Primitive brutality had made a mockery of their idealism and their faith in beauty.

Now and again I met some of the old set, and we laughed grimly, without explaining the joke, but understanding each other. One fellow who had painted with fine craftsmanship was an F.O.O., which, being interpreted, means a young gentleman who sits behind a sandbag in a front line ditch signaling back to his guns to correct their range until something hits him on the head and makes a mess over the telephone.

It was with a musician whose songs and dances are known a long way from Wimbledon that I went a-walking sometimes in the fields of death. We passed five boys who had their heads blown off, and we crouched when another shell burst close.

'Does the music of war inspire you?' I asked, a little later in the day, and he could find no melody in the noise about us.

'I may be mistaken,' he said, 'but all this seems very unpleasant. Do you think it is really necessary that we should go on doing these things? Could n't we ask the Germans to play Wagner in the trenches and then let us answer with Sullivan or Edward German, and get a neutral to arbitrate and give the prize to the winning side? It would save such a lot of expense, would n't it? Correct me if I'm wrong.'

I said: 'Wagner might win.'

So we talked nonsense to forget the truth.

Some of the Intellectuals found a real pleasure in war — except in hellish hours. They became more military than the militarists, abandoning their old creed. They liked the open-air life and the comradeship, and the three pips on their shoulders, and authority over men, and the sense of doing something more virile than spinning words or weaving colors.

They came back and talked about the 'slackers' at home. They said 'war is the real game. A fine life ——!' until they were very frightened, as we were all frightened, and sickened at the sight of mangled boys.

But many of them had a terrible revolt in their hearts against the brutality of war and the waste of it, and the stupidity. From gun-pits and trenches they wrote tragic poems for the *English Review*. They stared at the slaughter fields and hated the desert from which civilization had been wiped clean out, and they rebelled against the sacrifice of all this life, and

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theirs, and agonized to find some philosophy which would make another war like this impossible — and expressed great bitterness of soul before they died.

Many of those I met along the roads of France or in dirty billets behind the line or in dugouts and pill-boxes, died before the day of armistice, leaving half-finished sonnets to 'Liberty' and 'England.'

Now those who did not die are coming back, and getting together again, and trying to get to work again. They find that queer things have happened in their old haunts, especially among the women who were of their set and time.

It was not only the artists' models who went into munitions. Artist girls themselves abandoned their blue pinafores and put on uniforms with many buttons, driving motor-cars to government offices, or to casualty clearing stations.

Some of them became land-girls and slept in dirty barns on the edge of great estates, where society ladies forgot to provide them with means of washing, and they lived a hard open-air gypsy life, with mother-earth in their broken finger nails, and fresh air in their eyes and hearts.

Others served in ambulances in Serbia, Russia, France, and became used to bloody men, groaning in agony behind them in the tide of slaughter. They, too, have come back, but quite changed, as stronger, wide-eyed women, with passionate hatreds and passionate ideals strangely clashing.

Here and there a woman still kept her little 'salon' open, with sandwiches instead of cakes to go with the coffee; and soldiers on seven-days' leave, or men invalided home from Salonica, Egypt, and other battle fronts came in, in uniform, to get back to the old atmosphere of intellectual freedom, with conversation about ideals of life, and beauty, and books. But always their talk drifted to the war, and the meaning of it, and the end of it, and the tragedy of it.

The old playfulness of ideas had gone, and the Intellectuals had lost their light-hearted flippancy. A world of agony was their theme of thought.

So it is now in London, where the men who came back meet again, and look round for old faces, and miss them, and find all things changed, and themselves most changed of all. They cannot get back again to where they were five years ago. They cannot look at life in the same aloof way.

They have been up to the neck in realities. They are the people who know, because of wounds in their souls. Their laughter has an ironical note in it. Their idealism is touched with naked realism. And they have no sense of peace. They see trouble ahead.

They are prophets of revolution and anarchy. They find no sort of security in the peace that is being arranged in Paris. Beyond that they hear the menacing roar of disillusioned and despairing peoples, the sullen revolt of hungry and workless masses, the Westward tide of Bolshevism.

The Intellectuals of London, uncertain of their own future, feeling their way back to professions which they left in a hurry, out of touch with their old instincts and emotions, are restless and unsettled, with melancholy in lonely hours, because of that 'Dead Yesterday,' as one of them wrote which will never have resurrection in their lives.

They foresee a social revolution in which they will be the first victims of sacrifice.

The London Chronicle

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

THE STRIKE FEVER IN FRANCE

THE labor situation in France has been marked since June 1 by a number of strikes which have been the most considerable, experienced since the beginning of the war.

The movement began with a strike of the coal miners in the north. It was soon extended, involving the metal workers of the Parisian district and of some regions in the centre. At the same time a complete stoppage occurred on the underground railway of Paris, soon to be followed by a strike of the omnibuses and tramcars. Some minor strikes were started simultaneously among various industries, and more especially in the big Parisian stores, such as the *Printemps*, while other movements seemed to be impending.

Although the outlook is distinctly better — as the strike has already come to an end in the coal mines, and as some other conflicts do not seem to be very far from a solution — it would be premature to consider that the crisis is over. There is still a possibility that the strike may spread to the railways and other industries. It is, therefore, necessary to understand the real nature of these series of events.

The natural question which many are asking is whether this is a mere economic movement or if it is connected with political designs. The extreme Nationalist press has been quick to accuse the strikers of playing into the hands of the Germans, and even of having received German money. This accusation has not been proved so far. It is fair to say that some sections of the strikers have issued manifestoes of a political nature.

For instance, the Strike Committee of Saint Denis, a place near Paris, which has always been conspicuous for its extreme tendencies, adopted recently a resolution by which they urged the General Federation of Labor to take up a policy with a view to compelling the Government to confide to the workers the destinies of the country. A kind of Soviet was even set up in Saint Denis for a few hours.

This effort at creating a revolutionary state of things was, however, not only short-lived but isolated. It met with a deliberate resistance on the part of the leaders of the strikes. Thus the Strike Committee of the Metal Workers issued an appeal to the strikers in which they urge them strictly to remain on the professional ground. The leading men of the General Federation of Labor, such as MM. Jouhaux and Mereheim, are working in the same direction. The political agitation, if there is any, is confided to an insignificant minority, largely composed of men without any real following.

The real cause of the present unrest must be found elsewhere — in the unsettled economic conditions under which France is laboring at present. It is noteworthy that the strikes are taking place mainly in the Paris district, where the cost of living has risen in a way which has never been experienced before. The rise in prices may be due to the presence of an enormous number of foreigners and refugees. At any rate, it is still continuing, in spite of all the measures taken by the government to stop it.

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At the same time the Eight-Hour Law voted at the end of April by the French Parliament has suddenly come into operation in all industries with all the usual consequences of such a sudden change. It is not surprising that these two causes combined should have brought about a kind of crisis making all efforts on both sides to find a way out extraordinarily difficult.

Thus a general agreement was concluded between the metal workers and the Union of Employers even before the Eight-Hour Law was passed, by which it was understood that the working week should be reduced to forty-eight hours without a corresponding reduction either in output or in wages. Still the carrying out of that agreement was so difficult that the present strike could not be averted.

In some other cases the general uncertainty as to conditions of life has produced most awkward effects. For instance, one finds that the employees to the *Compagnie Général des Omnibus* in Paris who belong to the Moderate and Conservative section of the Federation of Labor, struck on June 3, though an agreement had been signed between them and the company as recently as the preceding May 26.

When all these facts are taken into consideration the conclusion one comes to is obviously that the abnormal economic conditions of the present may be mainly responsible for the movement, and that the so-called Bolshevism has really nothing to do with it.

It is more difficult to foresee what will be the outcome. A reassuring factor is found in the general desire of the employers concerned to meet the demands of the workers whenever such a thing is probable. It is also noticeable that the strikers, whenever they seem to be obdurate, are quietly losing the support of public opinion, which at first was rather on their side.

The great inconvenience experienced by the unfortunate consumer has something to do with this phenomenon, as well as the feeling that this untimely movement is indirectly helping the enemy. But abnormal conditions will not disappear within one day, not even after the Treaty has at last been signed and after the country knows where it stands. Industrial disturbances may be frequent in the near future, and it is better that we should be ready for them. What seems entirely precluded is that they should assume the shape of a revolutionary movement. In spite of the official formulas it uses, the French Federation of Labor is distinctly conservative in its aims. So is the average Frenchman, be he a workingman or a farmer. The fundamental balance of the country cannot be upset.

The Observer

CAN ENGLAND FEED HERSELF?

During the summer of the past year the writer undertook a journey through thirteen agricultural counties with a view to finding out something about the present achievements and future prospects of English farming. Traveling by train as far as Cornwall, and cycling from the Atlantic Coast to the edge of the North Sea in Norfolk, it was possible to go from end to end of eleven intervening counties and to cover some eight hundred miles. Landowners, farmers, bailiffs, farm laborers, officials of the county agricultural executive committees, police superintendents, market gardeners, estate agents, all the people who might be presumed to have something to say were questioned carefully as occasion permitted in the course of a journey that occupied rather more than two months. Some of the results of close inquiry and personal investigation will

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be set down here, and in the first place it is proposed to consider a question in which every man, woman, and child must have an interest: Can this country feed itself? We have been told that as a result of the labors of the Ministry of Food, the Board of Agriculture, and the Food Production Committee we can now maintain ourselves for forty weeks in the year. This is probably an exaggeration, but if we could approach the figure in face of long-sustained friction — now, be it admitted, nearly at an end — and in face of the early mistakes and ceaseless errors of the Food Production Department, there are good grounds for hope. At the same time, it is well to remember that many of the blunders of the august bodies one mentions have been buried under mountains of public money and public enthusiasm, and in the near future this money and enthusiasm will not be forthcoming. Happily for the elect, blunders are soon forgotten. Blunderers are sent to the House of Lords or consigned to less ornate oblivion, inquiry is staved off by familiar Parliamentary methods, and we get along with the war, the peace, or the reconstruction.

Let it be admitted that the county committees have done great work in the face of immense difficulties. In Cornwall, Dorsetshire, Oxfordshire, Herts, and Norfolk, to select a few counties at random, there are skilled men and women at the head of affairs who have created the right spirit in the agricultural districts, under whose wise direction farmers have received good advice and prompt assistance, so that they have been glad to do their very best. In a few counties — Wiltshire appeared to the writer to be the worst example — there is little real progress apparent, and the management of affairs appears to be in hands that are, to say the least, unskilled. Certainly 'good gifts' were not in evidence in Wiltshire, and for the rest — *paulum sepultæ distat inertiæ celata virtus.*

The methods employed over long stretches of ever-varying country were in part, as has been said, inquiry; in part they were actual investigation. On countless fields that are now down to grass the writer examined the soil with care, digging down into it sufficiently to find whether it suggested a generous response to the plough. Sometimes as many as a dozen fields were disturbed in the course of one day's ride. In certain counties it was frankly admitted by the authorities that the limits of arable had not been reached; there were others in which acknowledgment of this kind was unnecessary. How often in Devonshire, Somerset, and Wilts did the digger's attack reveal rich and not too hilly land, that would produce corn and roots and pulses in their season. On the other hand, there are counties in which the nature of the soil and condition of the rivers must hinder progress. Oxfordshire is a case in point. Here it was impossible to create the arable extension demanded. Let us remember that in the bad years of farming, when wheat was fetching a pound a quarter or less, much corn land was allowed to fall down to grass. It is not difficult to point to areas where corn production was so gravely reduced forty years ago that not only did the land go out of cultivation, but villages themselves tended to disappear. Men drifted to the towns, the lath-and-plaster cottages with leaky roofs and shallow foundations fell in or fell down, and to-day you may find a church, a parsonage, half a dozen farms, and the few cottages required for a minimum of labor where, in the times of agricultural prosperity, a thriving village pulsed with vigorous life. Across England at

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its greatest width there was very general agreement that more arable farming is quite feasible. If what is true of the considerable agricultural area traversed may be taken for the truth in counties unvisited, there need be no hesitation in saying that England can feed herself, granting certain conditions. They are security for farmers in the matter of prices, proper accommodation for the agricultural worker, and a sufficiency of well-paid labor. Let us examine the first and last of these conditions.

The complete returns for the year 1918 are unlikely to justify extravagant prophecies founded upon the acreage under crops. In the first place, the weather was not favorable; in the closing days of October there were farmers hard at work carting the last of their barley, raking the fields, ploughing out potatoes. Secondly, the wheat did not fulfill its promise. Four quarters to the acre was quite a common return, and it is a poor one. The labor question was entirely upset in full summer by the call for 30,000 key men from the farms. Their presence in the fighting line may have been a matter of stark necessity, but you cannot farm with the aid of good intentions. Soldiers, German prisoners, women — one and all have helped; but farm labor is highly skilled work, demanding a long apprenticeship. In many cases the official instructions to break up grass have been ill-advised. On the long ride through rural England, farms were seen whereon the old arable was foul with twitch, couch grass, dandelions, and thistles, and the land broken up by order was about to yield, on generous computation, half a crop. The cause did not often vary; it was, generally, lack of labor. Sometimes the land reclaimed was not good enough for its new task. The farmer had not sufficient hands to tend his normal proportion of arable; he had been required, under heavy penalties, to add to it. English land to-day, speaking in general terms, is foul, and much labor will be required to mend it. In these circumstances, can we expect the farmer to add voluntarily to his burdens?

There is another aspect of the labor question. On the official price of corn, labor was originally valued at twenty-five shillings a week. It has now risen to about forty and there is the possibility of a strike for more, while the corn, guaranteed only for a few seasons, stands where it did and there is not even a free market. Much has been kept in stacks and rats have wasted it. The writer, himself a farmer on a very small scale, has never sympathized with the farmer's attitude toward labor, coöperation, and many other questions of daily life, and his criticisms have been admitted to these pages. Now, when everything the farmer buys is controlled by the profiteer, and everything he sells is controlled by Government, the tide is beginning to run heavily against him. Up to a point he must do well in order to feed us. If he could control the seasons, if he has enough money for high farming, he might carry on; a few bad years will break a large proportion of our agriculturists on the second-grade lands that constitute the bulk of England's soil; they are gambling furiously with Jupiter Pluvius, who holds all the trumps.

There are other aspects of labor to which insufficient attention has been called. The boy under fourteen, who does light, odd jobs about the farm, now starts at ten shillings a week, where his grandfather started at a penny a day: so far so good. The same boy at eighteen or nineteen comes of age in agriculture; at the awkward time when he is entirely undeveloped

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he takes a man's full money, and has nothing further to look for. If he spends fifty years on the land he can only get the maximum wage. Will he be content? Which one of us in our salad days would have been satisfied with an occupation that yielded its highest prize before we were out of our teens? Naturally, inevitably, the boy will drift to the towns and take his chance there; nor will the farmer make spirited efforts to keep those who may demand a man's pay but cannot do a man's work. It is the towns that clamor for the best human raw material — and destroy it in a generation. The old men who love the land of which they are the pride must die out, and where shall we look for their successors? A vast system of small farms and small holdings, independent as far as possible of hired labor, with coöperation on the largest scale, embracing the provision of machinery, transport, markets, training schools, and the amenities of life — the rehabilitation, in short, under absolutely modern conditions of the yeoman class — may save the situation, and this will be the arduous work of years. Farming takes long to learn.

In the meantime, the farmer is faced with another grave trouble — the loss of his stock. If we are to have prosperity, the first demand of agricultural England is for unlimited cake and meal to be sold at a fair price. At present the stockyards are endangered, and without stock we cannot grow corn. To the farmer this is a commonplace, to the permanent officials in London's innumerable circumlocution offices, it appears to be a revelation. Artificial manures are a poor substitute for the genuine article. Our stockyard, our sheepfold, and our pigsty grow the food of the country. If we cannot get the proper manure, how will the farmer raise the corn to pay his wages and keep a roof over his head? Perhaps it is proposed by our rulers that America shall supply us with food in perpetuity?

The tenant farmer does not feel the pinch as badly as the farmer who, in an excess of enthusiasm and pride, has become his own landlord. Tithe in Essex and in East Anglia is rising toward ten shillings an acre, repairs cost three times what they did before the war, while the allowance on income tax remains at 12½ per cent; property tax, rates, taxes, including income tax, have mounted up, and the wages bill is more than doubled. Farmers who are their own landlords must find perhaps five pounds per acre for labor before they begin to pay for their horses, for the purchase and upkeep of modern machinery, and for cake, meal, manure, and seeds. Tenant farmers can often get a helping hand from the landlord, but the old type of landowner is being expropriated, and the man who has made money out of the war and sets up as a landed proprietor wants, first and last, a good return on his capital, and has no tradition to trouble about. Government profiteering is on a colossal scale. It bought maize last year in the Argentine at a pound a quarter and sold it at four or five over here, but only to the people who would purchase a certain proportion of beans that they did not want. Conditional sales are forbidden everywhere, save in government departments.

These reflections upon the farmers' present plight are made deliberately to clear a path by which we may get back to the question that heads this article. There are at present in the counties that the writer has visited tens of thousands of acres ready for the tractor. The much-abused Fordson will do the work, as long as it is divorced, on all heavy land, from the Oliver plough, beloved of the Food

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Production Department and of that wonderful administrator, Lord Lee of Fareham. The forty-weeks' supply of home-grown food could be turned into a fifty-two weeks' supply within a couple of years if the burdens of the land could be more evenly distributed and more capably borne. At present we have only the land and its potentialities; the treatment is not worthy of our national needs. The old landlords are going, and we might be content to let them pass if it were not open to any moneyed adventurer to take their place. The farmer landlords, particularly those whose land is mortgaged, are as never before at the mercy of the seasons; their future trembles in the balance. The tenant farmers are understaffed, overworked, and unable to clean or feed their land in the fashion that will make it fully productive. The small farmers and small holders are farming badly because they cannot meet the demands of the wages boards; the workingman is discontented in spite of his money, for the rise has been so sudden — over 100 per cent in four years — that he cannot understand why it should stop. The price of corn is artificial, and no country can endure in perpetuity a fifty-million-pound subsidy on the loaf. Rent, which used to be the main item in the farmer's budget, is now a subsidiary one. It is doubtful whether some farms could bear their present burden if they were rent free, since nothing but high farming can enable men to stem the tide of increased expenditure, and since we exact no certificate either of competence or financial resources from those who hire the land. Countless thousands of acres are 'farmed for Saturday night.' Some, not all, of the agricultural committees, soon to be remodeled and associated with the County Councils, could help the situation if they were allowed to do so, but their activities must pay steady tribute to circumlocution, the sort that sits in permanence and has never seen the countryside whose destiny it controls. At present only the high price of stock enables the farmer to carry on.

If much has been done since those far-off, dangerous days when submarine warfare became what the Germans euphemistically called unrestricted, let us remember the wave of patriotic enthusiasm that swept the country from end to end; it brought countless volunteers to the fields. Will that enthusiasm survive the Peace Treaty, the return of the party politician, and a recrudescence of the thousand meannesses of normal life?

These questions must remain unanswered. The answer to the main question discussed here is that England can feed herself if those who control our agricultural destinies have vision, courage, enterprise, and resource to formulate and carry out a great national policy, if they will remember that the problem has a hundred aspects, and is entirely divorced from the baser side of politics. We need statesmen in the place of tinkers, and we have some in the offices of the Board of Agriculture and the Ministry of Food. But all too often the permanent official rides them as the Old Man of the Sea rode Sinbad the Sailor, and there is no hope that he he will get drunk as his prototype did.

S. L. B.

The New Statesman

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TALK OF EUROPE

HERR VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG'S book about the war (all German diplomats are now publishing or writing books) will soon appear. One of its chapters, named 'The French Difficulties,' has been received in advance by the Berlin correspondent of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* for publication. Bethmann-Hollweg gives in this chapter his impression as to the situation in France and the attitude of the French Government a short time before the outbreak of the war. The ex-Chancellor says:

'From the first day I could very plainly observe the reason for the changed tone adopted by the French press from my conversations with M. Cambon after M. Poincaré had assumed power. Up to that moment the Ambassador had repeatedly developed in various ways the thesis that personal relations between the leading statesmen, whereby he would have liked to be mediator, might have contributed to bring both countries to a basis of mutual understanding as desired by themselves. Without any doubt he had taken part in the protracted negotiations about Morocco with infinite patience and with the goodwill to reach a peaceful solution. However, from that very moment the Minister was visibly altered. He no more touched on the thesis of the personal relations, and if he visited me after one of his journeys to Paris, though he was quite as courteous as before, he was very reticent as soon as we spoke about the public spirit in France, in spite of the exquisite French polish which characterized his words.

'He avoided every indication that the Cabinet of M. Poincaré was inspired by a tendency toward conciliation such as he had always praised in former Cabinets. One could not be in doubt as to the development of the French spirit in the last years before the war. This is no exaggeration, as one talked at that time of a visible renaissance of the French nation after the bankruptcy of 1870. Our Military Attaché in Paris, Herr von Winterfeldt, repeatedly mentions in his reports the visibly increasing excellence of the army, reflecting the growing firmness of the whole people. Perhaps we did not take into account sufficiently the real mind of our Western neighbors in overlooking serious manifestations on the boulevards, and failed to judge the alteration which took place in its proper perspective. The strengthening of the general national spirit in a race with a martial tradition such as that possessed by the French, together with the increase of the chauvinist passion, was a phenomenon which characterizes all historical developmen of this nature. The débâcle of 1870 could not be forgotten, perhaps subconsciously, yet the *revanche* for the military defeat was a popular feeling, and the more so as the Government had the youth of France systematically educated in chauvinism in the schools.

'That the loss of Alsace-Lorraine had left no peace in the minds of the French people is undoubtedly incorrect. Certainly the idea of the recapture of the lost Provinces had persisted in the departments situated in the immediate neighborhood, but in the rest of France in the long run the people would surely not have declined a real *rapprochement* on this question if the men in power in Paris had seriously striven after it. As the latter, however, particularly under the leadership of M. Poincaré, either by patriotic conviction or by personal ambition, or because they were of opinion that they would only be able to maintain in this way their power in the struggle of the parties, progressively pursued a policy more against Germany, the people had to follow suit, because in no country in the world is the strength of ambitious minorities greater than in France. Before the war the French themselves had described this situation in a masterly way.'

After having remarked that French Socialism had not been able to combat efficaciously this agitation, Bethmann-Hollweg proceeds: 'Did the year 1914 announce

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an amelioration? The elections for the Chamber on April 26 resulted in a firm majority in favor of the three years' military service, but the reëlections in May were a great success, for Socialists like Jaurès wrote in *L'Humanite* against the unbridled evil of nationalism and reaction. On June 16, the French Socialist Congress adopted a resolution to be introduced at the international Socialist Congress of Vienna, in which, with an appeal to the declaration of the Social-Democrats of Alsace and to the Congress of the German Socialists at Jena, it was demanded that Alsace-Lorraine should be granted autonomy, as by this the *rapprochement* between France and Germany, so necessary for the world's peace, would be considerably facilitated. The course of the world's events has taken another direction over the body of Jaurès. But M. Poincaré's purpose was neither *rapprochement* nor autonomy. He wanted to recapture Alsace-Lorraine with the help of Sukomlinoff and his friends.'

JUNE 9 is a red-letter day in British legal history. On this day just sixty years ago the House of Lords pronounced a decision in the great Thellusson will case, which had kept the lawyers busy and comfortable for more than two generations. Peter Thellusson was the son of the Ambassador of Geneva at the Court of Louis XIV. He settled in London, and at his death left an enormous fortune to accumulate during the lives of his three sons and of all their sons. The accumulated fund, which was estimated to be about £19,000,000, was then to be used to buy estates for the eldest lineal descendant of his three sons. One result of this remarkable document was the Thellusson Act restraining men from leaving their property to accumulate for more than twenty-one years. When Thellusson's last grandson died in 1856 there was another lawsuit to decide whether his property should go to the eldest male descendant of Thellusson or to the eldest male descendant of Thellusson's eldest son. The latter won the verdict, and then it was found — what might have been expected — that legal charges had eaten away so much of the money that instead of millions there was little more left than the original sum which Peter Thellusson bequeathed by will.

JOHN BULL'S other island is surely no place for tourists if the *Irish Times* (Unionist) of June 6 is to be believed. Under the heading 'Lawlessness in Ireland' it prints:

'Yesterday evening four policemen and a woman were shot in one of the chief streets of Dublin. The shots were fire in broad daylight, in the presence of a considerable police force and of a large number of civilians. A concert at the Mansion House, organized by the followers of the late James Connolly, had been prohibited, but the usual crowd assembled. When the police were dispersing it at the top of Dawson Street four or five young men drew revolvers and shot a sergeant and three constables. The only victim of the second volley, which was fired immediately afterwards, was a young woman. None of the wounds was fatal, and we hope to learn that none of them is serious; but the outrage is, nevertheless, grave and startling. Its audacity is hardly less remarkable than the impunity with which it was committed. The police seem to have struggled manfully with their assailants, but these contrived to get away in the crowd. We are all familiar with similar incidents — too many of them tragic incidents — in lonely parts of Ireland. Now lawlessness has progressed so far that wearers of the King's uniform are targets for sedition in a main thoroughfare of the Irish capital. Yesterday also, within a few miles from Dublin, a District Inspector of the Royal Irish Constabulary was assaulted. On Wednesday, as we report to-day, two men were shot at Tulla, in County Clare. It is suggested that they offended the "powers that be" by refusing to boycott a schoolmaster who had served in the army. Nobody has been brought to justice for crimes which were committed weeks, and even months, ago. The murderers of the two constables in Tipperary, of Mr. Milling, of the policeman at Limerick Workhouse, of the sergeant and constable at Knocklong are still unpunished. The fault does not lie with the Royal Irish Constabulary, whose zeal and steadfast courage in their perilous work are beyond

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praise. It lies with Irish democracy itself, which refuses to help the Irish Executive to resist a degrading and soul-paralyzing régime of terrorism. If the people of Nationalist Ireland dared to speak, eighty per cent of them would declare their loathing of the prevailing lawlessness and their devout desire to be delivered from it. They know that it is bringing disgrace and sorrow to their country. They know that their own pockets must pay for outrages with which they have no sympathy. Under the new Compensation Act awards have been made out of local rates to injured policemen. The four men who were shot yesterday will have a claim — a perfectly righteous claim — upon the already oppressive rates of the City of Dublin. Yet the majority of Irish Nationalists, partly through fear and partly through apathy, make no protest, and thus aggravate the difficulties of the Government's task. That is a task, however, which, formidable and thankless though it be, the Government must fulfill with unfaltering purpose. Its first duty is to maintain the law, to enforce order, to pursue and punish crime. In the present state of Ireland no other duty is half so important as this or can be preferred to it for an instant.'

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Dr. Renner is chief of the Austrian Delegation to the Peace Conference.

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No American needs an introduction either to **Mr. Shaw** or **Mr. Chesterton. Mr. Chesterton,** it may be noted, has succeeded to the editorship of the *New Witness*, left vacant by the lamented death of his brother Cecil Chesterton.

* * *

Winifred Stephens has long been distinguished as an interpreter of things French. She was the editor of the *Book of France, 1915*, and the translator of Anatole France's life of *St. Joan of Arc.*

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TIME'S CHANGES

(*Loos*)

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

Four years ago to-day in Italy
I gathered wild flowers for a girl —
Thick-scented broom, wild sword-flowers,
And the frail-scented freezia
Which lives beneath the orange boughs.

To-day in sunless barren fields
I gather heads of shells,
Splinters of shrapnel, cartridges.

What shall I gather
Four years from to-day?

The Anglo-French Review

A HOLLOW ELM

BY EDWARD SHANKS

What hast thou not withstood,
Tempest-despising tree,
Whose bloat and riven wood
Gapes now so hollowly,
What rains have beaten thee through many years,
What snows from off thy branches dripped like tears?

Calmly thou standest now
Upon thy sunny mound;
The first spring breezes flow
Past with sweet dizzy sound;
Yet on thy pollard top the branches few
Stand stiffly out, disdain to murmur too.

The children at thy foot
Open new-lighted eyes,
Where, on gnarled bark and root,
The soft warm sunshine lies —
Dost thou, upon thine ancient sides, resent
The touch of youth, quick and impermanent?

These at the beck of spring
Live in the moment still;
Thy boughs unquivering,
Remembering winter's chill,
And many other winters past and gone,
Are mocked, not cheated, by the transient sun.

Hast thou so much withstood,
Tempest-despising tree,
That now thy hollow wood
Stiffens disdainfully
Against the soft spring airs and soft spring rain
Knowing too well that winter comes again?

Land and Water

THE CALL

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

At night when I lie fast asleep
A sudden voice cries at my ear,
Quick —'Mother! Mother!' and I leap
Out of my dreams and wild with fear.

Whether 't is you, dear Heart's Delight,
Sleeping some few small rooms away,
Calls to me in the lonely night,
I cannot think, I cannot say.

Or if it be a boy's quick call
From East or West in some sore need.
Dear angels, guard the outer wall
Lest that my love have little speed.

Or if the dead have need of me,
The piteous babes that lie alone,
That only oped an eye to see
Into the world ere they were flown.

I know not: only this I know,
The quick call would have power to wake
Me in the grave and bid me go
Running for some scared darling's sake.

The Spectator

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